

Gc
973.74
N42max
1757954

REYNOLDS HISTORICAL
GENEALOGY COLLECTION

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 1833 00822 4682



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012

<http://archive.org/details/campfiresoftware00maxs>

Camp Fires

OF THE

^{23rd} TWENTY-THIRD:

SKETCHES OF THE

CAMP LIFE, MARCHES, AND BATTLES

OF THE

TWENTY-THIRD REGIMENT, N. Y. V.

DURING THE TERM OF TWO YEARS

In the Service of the United States;

ADDED TO THESE ARE

STATISTICS OF ENLISTMENTS, ELECTIONS, PROMOTIONS, SICK, DIS-
CHARGED, KILLED AND WOUNDED, AND ALL VALUABLE
INFORMATION CONNECTED WITH THE REGIMENT.

BY

POUND:STERLING. ^{23rd}

W. P. Maxson
(William)

New York:

DAVIES & KENT, PRINTERS,

No. 193 WILLIAM STREET.

1863.

1757954

P R E F A C E .

THAT is always most dear to us in which we have acted a part or borne a hand. So the incidents of our camp—the picket—the excitement and suffering of the march—the stories around the camp fires—the wild excitement of the battle-field—have a deep, stirring interest to us who have acted our part in the drama ; who have stood shoulder to shoulder through all their terrors, in victory or defeat, in hope or fear. No outsider can tell us of our own peculiar interest in them—none can feel for us the joy or sorrow, the dejection or exultation, as unitedly we have toiled and fought against the enemy.

It is with this conviction that your companion-in-arms has heaped together these familiar incidents, that when we have laid aside the musket and “harness of war”—stripped off the blue—donned the citizen—returned to our peaceful homes, and joyfully, thankfully joined the circle of loved ones around the old hearth-stone, we can bring up the past years of absence and peril, and make the present brighter and happier.

To the Twenty-third Regiment, then, this little book is affectionately dedicated.

£.

April 23th, 1863.

INTRODUCTION.

"How sweet when Night her misty veil
Around the weary soldier throws,
And twilight's golden skies grow pale,
And wooing winds invite repose—
To sit beside the watch-fire's blaze,
Where friendly comrades nightly come,
To sing the song of other days,
And talk of things we love at home."

WE are a motley crew, we of the Twenty-third. Farmers, mechanics, merchants, clerks, students, doctors, lawyers, LOUNGERS—tall, medium, short—rich, middle, poor—thin, full, fat—good, bad, indifferent. But what matters occupation, position, wealth, size, or stripe, when our country is at stake? Each and all had somewhere in the heart the germ of patriotism, and could say, with a kindling eye, "My country!" "My native land!" So when the accumulating wrongs and aggressions of the slave oligarchy had culminated in the tragedy of Sumter, and the proud old flag had been trodden down, we were aroused with indignation. Then the call, "To arms!" rang through the land, and we "rallied around the flag," and gave ourselves without stint to the nation.

The ties of home were strong and hard to break. Our father's tightened grip as he bade us "God speed," and "Never yield to a traitor, my son," told how the parting wrung his loyal heart. Mother

could not, for grief that choked her utterance, speak the good-bye that her tearful eyes looked ; and sisters clung to us as if to shield us from the dangers that awaited. But the parting word must be spoken, for while we linger the decisive blow may fall and all be lost.

The "old gentleman" had paid those little bills of ours, and lined our pockets with "the needful." Mother and sisters had filled the satchel with numberless little knickknacks that we never before knew that we wore or needed. "Jane" had given us a pocket Bible, or some other keepsake. Neighbor Cartwright, whose father was a Seventy-sixer, and who had inherited his patriotic blood, brought over a fine Colt's revolver, "because," you know, "he had always taken a likin' to Harry." Then we were off—off for the wars.

We shall always remember those busy April, May, and June days at Elmira. How we crowded into the halls and churches—wrote letters home of hardships, etc. How the patriotic and kind-hearted people took us into their own homes and cared for us. How we drilled in the streets and field, and made our feet sore and joints sorer. We remember the sword presentations and speeches, the flags intrusted to our keeping, the round of gayety, the hearts lost and won, the joy and sadness of those days of preparation.

Then we were organized and went to the barracks. Cruel, wasn't it? More letters home of hardships. Here we drilled in battalion, had dress parades and spectators, grumbled at the fare, ran the guard and down town, had big dinner, big speeches, and grand Fourth of July parade.

One day there was a great hurry and bustle, gigantic knapsacks strapped upon our backs, a great multitude, the cars, a sea of heads, a sea of flags, deafening cheers, the oft-repeated "Good-bye, God bless you!" the wild neigh of the iron horse, the warning bell, and again we are off—off for certain.

With grateful hearts we remember all these. These days of prep-

aration were necessary to fit us for the labors now finished. We are grateful to the people of Elmira, for their kindness nerved us to perform our duty earnestly and well.

The following pages are written in no spirit of egotism. We have seen too much of bloodshed, and had too many encounters with grim death, to hold to any false notions we may have entertained. Some regiments have fared much worse than we on the battle-field, but this is the result of the fortunes of war, and not (as some suppose) of superior courage or bravery. At times it has been the fortune of the Twenty-third to hold the flank in line of battle, or reserve, but when it has been called to the thickest of the fight, it has gone with such cheerfulness and conducted itself with so much gallantry, that it has won the admiration of generals high in command, and of the regiments with which it has fought. General Howard, on the field of Antietam, pointed to the Twenty-third as an example to his own flying men;* and General Doubleday subsequently remarked, that "the Twenty-third is decidedly the coolest regiment on the field that I have."

They are written, however, as a remembrancer—a record that when in the social circle we turn over the leaves of the past, and live again in these days of war, we can refer to this little book as to a chart, and point out our position.

We now entered upon the onerous duties to which we had pledged ourselves. From this our history dates, and follows the tortuous windings of the campaign, down to the "welcome home" by friends and relatives from the perils of two years of war. If there be credit due for this little history, it is due to the entire regiment—each man has given it hearty support. He who has superintended its collection and publication has only performed his simple duty. *We've shared the burden; we'll share the honors.* Our thanks are especially due to

* See Colonel Hoffman's report.

Sergeant Hoyt, of Co. F, who has had charge of the statistical department—its completeness does him honor ; and to Colonel Crane, Colonel Hoffman, and others, for valuable papers that they have furnished. We are indebted, also, to Dr. Stillwell for his able report of the Hospital Department.

This history is not elaborate. Where there is so much of which to speak, brevity is necessary. Many thrilling incidents have been left out for want of room. Many interesting private histories of comrades wounded and slain can be told only in the table of statistics. We have selected those of more general interest, with an eye to outline—the vacancies can be filled up as we read around our own home firesides.

CONTENTS.

Chapter	Page
I. "Breaking In"	11
II. Arlington	21
III. Upton Hill and Dale.....	25
IV. The March	36
V. Bristo.....	40
VI. Falmouth	43
VII. After Jackson	49
VIII. "Camp Rufus King"	53
IX. Reconnoissance	58
X. Rappahannock Station.....	62
XI. To Cedar Mountain	68
XII. Sulphur Springs	72
XIII. Gainesville	74
XIV. Bull Run—Second Friday.....	77
XV. Bull Run—Second Saturday.....	81
XVI. Maryland Campaign.....	96
XVII. Variety	106
XVIII. Battle of Fredericksburg	114
XIX. Belle Plain Landing.....	126
XX. "Homeward Bound".....	129

Part Second.

Statistical History of the Twenty-third Regiment, N. Y. V.	139
Medical Department.....	183

CAMP FIRES

OF THE

TWENTY-THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

"BREAKING IN."

"Now the roused nation bids her armies form,
And screams her eagle through the gathering storm."

WE were a little sad when the cars hurled us so rapidly away from home and friends, but the people along the route were so enthusiastic, flouted flags, and shouted so like wild, that few, very few, were moody. Those weeks of drill and preparation were not in vain, and these ardent young men were more than half soldiers already. True, the future looked anything but bright, but with our united strength we were to help make it brighter. For this purpose the people had sent us out, and the very shouts that cheered us on the way re-echoed the obligation.

The people of Williamsport gave us a hearty welcome. They must be the "good sheep" spoken of, for we were "strangers and they 'took us in;'" hungry, and they gave us cake; thirsty, and they gave us ice-water

and lemonade." They gave us such a welcome as would cheer us in the years of toil and hardship before us. Those cheerful manly faces, smiles of lovely women—sad when they remembered our mission—the merry laugh of blooming girls, mingled and sweetened the feast they had so lavishly spread for us. They gave us speeches, toasts, music, laughter, and cheers, and again we are rushing on to our destination.

There was a grand halt at Sunbury. What for? None could tell, but it gave us time to see the sights and be seen. There was no heart in that dumb show. There were long lines of the gayest crinoline, capped with pretty faces, white, rosy, and dark, and popping above and amid these, wide mouths and astonished mustaches showed themselves. We laughed at them, they laughed at us. Again we dashed forward. The night was moonlit, the morning lowery, the day rainy.

Ten miles out of Baltimore we halted in a lonely place enough, and Colonel Hoffman, in his clear and ringing voice, commanded, "Load at will—load." What was up? True, we must go through Baltimore, but would Baltimoreans serve us as they did the Massachusetts boys? Would they shoot, and stab, and club, and brick-bat us? Should we all get through safe and sound? Thus speculation was rife, and indeed caution was necessary. We drew up in line before that great town, fixed bayonets, primed our pieces, and passed on. Grim-visaged men, like caged tigers, frowned savagely at us and our flags; women followed the example of the tigers; little boys and girls "hurrahed for Jeff. Davis and Beauregard," but we were not molested, and were soon rattling away for Washington.

It was a long rattle, however, for the slow old go-

cart was not accustomed to roll such a heap of live-stock so closely packed, and he crept along at a snail's pace, wheezing and blowing as if every breath was to be his last, and often, in going up hill, he would stop short, out of breath, exhausted. The drizzling, lazy rain that had set in now became a storm. It made the night gloomy, the following morning dark, and the day disagreeable. This storm and trouble was the occasion for fun. Fun drowns trouble as a pebble drowns a cat. At Annapolis Junction swarms of troops passed us for Hagerstown.

While waiting here, a party of four strayed away from the cars, and at a distance of about a mile from the Junction encountered an old farmer standing on the veranda of a farm-house. Some fine black cherries near the house were very tempting, and one of the party quite civilly called out:

"Hilloo, stranger! will you sell us some of those cherries?"

"No!" snarled the old man addressed as "stranger."

"Will you then give us a few to eat?" asked the soldier.

"No! I've no cherries for Union soldiers," he replied.

The four men then consulted. This sounded like secesh. They had volunteered to fight that species of animal, and now that they had found him should they back down, and like cowards go back without the cherries? That would never do. This philosophy prevailed, and placing a rail against the tree, the most daring of the party made ready to climb. The son of the farmer now came out, gun in hand, and cried out:

"Climb that tree, sir, and you're a dead man!"

Turning to his comrades, the foremost said :

“See to your revolvers !”

Then, addressing the son, he added : “ You have refused us the small gift of a few cherries simply because we are Union soldiers. From this we conclude that you are a d——d rampant secesh, and were you not a coward you would now be in the rebel army. So we know that you dare not harm us. And should you attempt to shoot me (pointing to his comrades), you have seen your last sunrise. So, then, if my life is worth more to you than your own, shoot me.”

Saying this, he vaulted into the tree, and the boys loading themselves with cherries, returned. The story soon got wind, and before the train left, not a cherry remained to the old fellow who would not give a cherry to Union soldiers.

It was approaching the “ small hours ” of the night when the tired old jade of a train landed us in the mud, in the dark, at Washington. And such darkness ! our eyes were of no use at all. It had ceased to rain. We made our way under a train on all-fours, and then proceeded to take — the streets of Washington. The flood of soldiers which had poured into the city for the two previous weeks had exhausted all the accommodations that the town afforded, and the best that they could give was declined by many of the Twenty-third, who took the pavement instead. This gave rise to the letters written home at that time, which were so misunderstood.

Meridian Hill, two miles north of the city, was our camp-ground for a few days. They were sultry, oppressive days, only made tolerable by that cool, refreshing spring down by the road-side, and the bath in the crystal brook. Here we commenced to learn the

routine of camp—how to spread our blanket upon the ground; to cook our salt junk, beans, and coffee; to grumble at the ration; to wash our dirty linen. The hardest of all was “getting used” to the food. The number was very small who came down to it “naturally.”

Like most new regiments, we were “expecting an attack at any moment,” and as a natural consequence the guard duty was very strict and vigorous. The sentinel was often startled at night by a rustling in the leaves or the breaking of a twig, and with hair erect and musket ready, gazed intently into the dark; meanwhile a score of imaginary gray-backs are prowling for his life. Soon an innocent pig shuffles along, or a bird hops from branch to branch.

’Twas here that we received our colors—the colors we have followed so long and faithfully—which are shreds now, but whose bright folds have been pierced and torn by the leaden and iron hail. The people who said, “Go and fight for your homes and your firesides, your country and your sacred honor,” did not forget among its many kindnesses the best of all gifts—a banner. A delegation, consisting of the Hon. A. S. Diven and his two daughters, brought them. They were accompanied by the President, Secretary of State, and other eminent men.

On the afternoon of the 17th of July this party appeared before the regiment drawn up in line on the parade ground. President Lincoln and Secretary Seward first reviewed the regiment, passing down the length of the line. They seemed much pleased with the appearance of the men and the promptness of their evolutions in drill. We give *verbatim* the ceremonies of the presentation, taken from an Elmira daily :

CEREMONIES ATTENDING THE PRESENTATION OF A STAND OF COLORS TO
THE SOUTHERN TIER REGIMENT, JULY 17TH, 1861.

The interesting ceremony of presenting the stand of colors procured by the ladies of Elmira for the Twenty-third Regiment, took place in Washington on Wednesday afternoon last. It is described by our correspondent as being among the most interesting scenes which have occurred in the Federal capital for many a day. President Lincoln, Governor Seward, Senator Harris, Governor Bigler, Senator Wilmot, Hon. Robert J. Walker, Hugh Tyler, together with a large number of other distinguished citizens from this State, as also from Virginia, Kentucky, and Maryland, were present. In addition, the occasion was honored by the presence of a numerous delegation of ladies and gentlemen from Elmira, the friends and neighbors of the officers and soldiers of the Twenty-third Regiment. The evening was beautiful, and nature seemed to lend an additional charm to the scene. The officers and soldiers never looked better, and they went through the evolutions with an ease and grace which elicited the applause of the spectators. The citizens of Elmira have every reason to feel proud of Colonel Hoffman, his subordinate officers, and the splendid body of soldiers under their command. Throughout, the scene was animated and brilliant. On the arrival of President Lincoln, the regiment was drawn up on three sides of a hollow square, the spectators and those who took part in the ceremonies occupying the remaining side. Everything being in readiness, Mr. Diven delivered the following speech :

"Neighbors, Friends, and Soldiers—The dearest of your friends that you left behind when you responded to the call of your country and rallied in its defense, are desirous of presenting to you some memento of their respect and affection. They have resolved to present to you the standard of your regiment and the flag of your country, and surely no gift could be more appropriate. Well do I know whither the mind of a soldier distant from his home, when undergoing the hardships of the camp and the dangers of the battle, reverts. I know that the dream of the soldier on his pallet of straw is of the home he loves—of the wife, the sister, the mother. I know also that it will be a gratification to the soldier, in the hour of danger, to look upon some memento of those dear ones ; and it was therefore well conceived in the ladies who remain at your homes to present you this memento. Soldiers, the ladies have desired me, in the presentation of these colors to you, to offer an expression of their sentiments.

"And let me say to you, that I think I know the sentiment of these ladies, and I think that while they give up their husbands, their brothers, their lovers, without a murmur, while they fondly anticipate the hour that shall welcome their return—I think I mistake not the

sentiment of those ladies, when I say that they had rather see you return, your corpses enveloped in these colors, than to see these colors dishonored on the field of battle. But they have no such fear. They doubt not your courage. I doubt it not. I will say nothing that will impeach it or bring it in question. But I will say this: Most of you are my friends, my neighbors, and I will take the liberty with you that I would not take with strangers. I will not question your courage, for I know it is beyond question; but I will say, that among all the necessary requisites of a good soldier mere physical courage is the smallest. There are other attributes of a good soldier besides courage.

“Soldiers, when you unfurl this standard, you will see upon it the arms of your native State. In these arms you will see the figure of Liberty, and side by side you will behold the figure of Justice—both reposing upon the same shield—at the base of which is inscribed the word ‘Excelsior.’

“Friends, you have not left your homes and come here in pursuit of conquest. You are here, not as soldiers of the State of New York, to make conquests upon the State of Maryland, Virginia, or any other State; you are here as soldiers of the Republic—called hither in defense of the Constitution of our common country. The Virginian is as much your countryman as I, or any other citizen of New York. The Carolinian is your countryman, and wherever the duties of war may lead you, remember this, that you are not to invade the rights of any citizen of the United States, loyal to our Constitution and our laws. No part of your duty is to subjugate any State; to impair, or impede the laws of any State. I desire this to be understood. I know I am addressing intelligent gentlemen who will understand me. Your duty is not subjugation; your duty is not to impair the rights of any State in this confederacy; your duty is not to impair the property, liberty, or right of any American citizen; but your duty is to put down the rebellion at all hazards and at every sacrifice. (Applause.) I am often asked the question, ‘Do these troops meditate the subjugation of the rebellious States?’ and my answer is, ‘No; but they meditate the extermination of the rebellion.’ (Applause.) It is no subjugation. It may be a war of extermination. So long as rebels breathe or stand before you, so long it is your duty to war upon rebels. Never, however, war upon loyal citizens; never war upon the rights of the people of any State of this confederacy.

“Now, fellow-citizens, I said I do not doubt your courage; I also added, that mere courage was the smallest among the necessary attributes of a soldier. You want justice, humanity, sobriety. That is what characterizes a good soldier. There are worse enemies than you will be likely to encounter on the field. *Dissipation* will be one of the

worst ; and if at any time you are tempted to yield to this enemy in any of its forms, look at these colors, wrought by the care of loved mothers, sisters, and wives, and ask yourselves if you will disgrace them by yielding to the temptation. Now, soldiers, as I cast my eye over this line, and see among you friends from the school, who have surrendered your strife for academic honors ; as I see among you men from the office, who have surrendered your hopes for distinction in your profession ; as I see among you men from the counting-house, who have given up your hopes of gain ; as I see among you men from the farms ; as I see among you men in all departments of life, I am prepared to concur in the remark made by our President, in his message to Congress, that from regiments forming the army which has come together in response to the call of the President, can be selected presidents, cabinets, and congresses. I can say of this regiment, that if that remark be true of any, this is not an exception. I know that some impudent critic has said, that that was no great compliment after all ; but so far as Congress is concerned, I think the criticism is malicious—as to how it is so far as the President and Cabinet are concerned, I will form my opinion after I find how they appreciate the fine appearance of this regiment. (Laughter and applause.)

“Now, fellow-soldiers, I desire that you receive from the hands of the ladies of Elmira this stand of colors. In placing it in your hands, I will remark, that, while the ladies who present it lift their hands to the God of battles, invoking His protection for the right, let your hands be strong in the defense of those rights, and never return to your homes with this flag disgraced. No, never ! A thousand times better that these banners be folded around your corpses, than that you return alive with these colors dishonored. (Applause.) Will you, from the citizens of Elmira, receive these colors ?”

At the conclusion of these remarks, Lieutenant-Colonel Crane and Major Gregg, accompanied by the ensign of the regiment and a guard, approached the carriage containing Mr. Diven and the Misses Diven, and receiving the colors from the ladies, gracefully unfurled them (the drum corps performing a lively air at the time), and then placed them in charge of the ensign, when Colonel Hoffman returned the thanks of the regiment in the following language :

“Mr. Diven, Friends, and Neighbors—I have repeatedly before this felt sorry for my command in having in me so poor a representative on occasions when speeches seem necessary : but never did I feel such embarrassment for them as on this occasion, for this is the most important one which we have ever witnessed—one which, if the full gratitude would be made known, requires more to be said than I can say. I am perfectly aware that any effort I might make would fail to

enlighten anybody, yet the attempt might *amuse* many. Even though I were a speech-maker, ladies and gentlemen, I would not be guilty of so flagrant a breach of etiquette as to occupy the valuable time of the very distinguished citizens who have conferred upon us the high honor of their presence this afternoon.

Therefore, permit me simply, but heartily, in behalf of this command, to thank you, and those whom you represent, for this beautiful stand of colors. We accept them with all the obligations which they convey. The one on the left—our regimental color—we shall claim as ours. It shall be ours, bearing our number and our name. We shall endeavor to return them to our friends in Elmira and vicinity. It may be tarnished (probably will), but if not with dishonor and disgrace, then we will have paid you for that. The one on the right is the nation's—one in which every American citizen has an interest—it belongs to us all. It is simply intrusted to our keeping for the time. If we can be instrumental, and do our full duty toward securing for it that proud destiny which was once wished for it by him who was once one of our distinguished senators, but who is now our most distinguished foe Jeff. Davis, viz., that it might *forever float as free as the wind which unfurls it*; then we will have repaid you for that. I again thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for this beautiful testimonial of your kindness and confidence."

On the 21st of July the hoarse thunder of battle floated to us from the plains and mountains of Bull Run. It fired and quickened the young and ardent blood, and many longed to measure strength with the foe. Messengers from the field said the victory was ours, and at dress-parade nine hearty cheers went up for victory and the "old flag."

Night, however, brought the truth, and the gloomy and stormy morrow verified it. The reaction from exultation to despondency was complete. That stormy day was emblematical. But through this dark cloud we could yet see hope. The great tide of that baffled army flowing back upon Washington found its ebb and began to return to its position. We crossed the Potomac into Virginia on the 23d of July, and camped at Fort Runyon.

It was densely dark, black, we remember it well, that night at Fort Runyon. The moon lent not a single ray, and heavy threatening clouds shut out the stars. We could touch the darkness almost, it was so dense. All had been quiet for the evening, and for half the night a befitting silence. The pickets were two miles out. Sleep held the camp—nothing but the slow and measured tread of the sentinel could be heard. Suddenly, however, the quick, sharp ring of a rifle rang out upon the night air—another followed, and another, and in rapid succession all along the front. The long roll was immediately sounded, and that soldier must be deaf indeed who was not immediately aroused.

Now for it—the enemy said to be close at hand—our first surprise, and everything in confusion. Guns and accouterment to look after, swords and tackle to unsnarl and buckle on, horses to saddle for the fight, to bring order out of confusion. But in the brief period of seven minutes our “tall colonel” stood before his regiment in line and ready. *Ready.* True, there were blanched cheeks, had there been a moon to discover them, but it was only the momentary thrill, a shrinking of the man in the presence of an expected event. There were sword-hilts gripped with more determination than the usual calm, determined grip of the soldier, but it was the first trial. That trial, however, proved their willingness.

The alarm was ascertained to be false, and we returned to our rest; but we shall never forget our first surprise.

CHAPTER II.

ARLINGTON.

On the 5th of August the regiment moved forward to Arlington Heights, and on the 7th established a line of pickets from the main road at Hunter's Chapel to the house of Mr. Pearl, near Ball's Cross Roads. At this time the line of pickets took almost a direct course from Chain Bridge to Alexandria.

The camp at Arlington (in a grove of oaks) was soon laid open to daylight, streets were graded, and, from time to time, log-huts erected, as the want of room or comfort demanded, until the camp presented the appearance of a little village. It was situated about one half mile from the "Arlington House," the residence of Major (now General) Lee, of the rebel army. This house and the Heights are too well known to require description, but they have changed much since the occupation by our troops. The stately oak forest attached to the plantation as the pleasure grounds of the proud old aristocrat are hewn down, and his mansion is a military dépôt.

The month of August was oppressively hot and saltry, but September breezes came on and rendered the latter part of our stay here delightful. Toward the middle of August an attempt was made to brigade us, and after shuffling through the hands of several brigadiers, we were finally brigaded with the Twenty-first and Thirty-fifth New York State Volunteers, and

placed under command of Brigadier-General James S. Wadsworth.

During our stay at Arlington, which lasted from August 5th to September 28th, but few incidents of general interest occurred. Drill and reviews were a matter of course, and as much disliked as the school-boy dislikes his task. Picket duty was the pride and delight of the regiment. There was excitement in it, but not unattended with danger. On the 14th, one of the pickets was wounded by a shot from a prowling enemy. About this time, also, Lieutenant Wilkinson, of Company F, had a brisk little affair with the enemy, while on a reconnoissance toward Falls Church. Another party, under Captain Chapman, crossed the railroad and went forward beyond Upton's Hill, when they were fired upon from behind trees and embankments and compelled to beat a retreat. At the same time, a small party, with Captain Fowler, had gone up the railroad, and were driven back in the same manner.

A fight occurred on the 27th between the pickets, in which the Twenty-third was the principal party engaged. A company of the Twelfth New York had a hand in this affair. The following extract from a letter written at the time, by Captain William W. Dingleday, will give the particulars more correctly than one could at this late date:

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, *September 1st, 1861.*

FRIEND DUMARS: Sufficient has transpired of late to furnish an item for the letter I promised you. You have no doubt heard, ere this, of the skirmish which took place a few days ago, one mile west of Ball's Cross Roads and about three miles from our camp.

On the 27th inst., Companies A, F, and D, of our regiment, in connection with three companies of the Fourteenth New York State Militia, were ordered out to form a reserve for our pickets, under command of

our gallant Lieutenant-Colonel Crane. Company A was stationed one mile and a half to the right, on Hall's Hill, Companies D and F nearly opposite each other—the former near a fence at the edge of a piece of woods, the latter in the road, partly concealed in a ditch.

Scouts were sent out beyond the line of pickets, as information had been received on our arrival that things looked rather suspicious in front. Between the hours of two and four P.M. the scouts and pickets came in double quick, with the intelligence that a large body of rebels were about to attack us. Shots had already been freely exchanged.

Colonel Crane, having positive orders not to bring on an engagement west of the cross-roads, but to retire and hold the latter at all hazards, ordered us to retreat. The order was reluctantly obeyed, not, however, without causing some of the "gray backs," who were too indiscreet, to repent of their folly. We fell back a few rods to the next fence, when it was discovered that the rebels were trying to outflank us. The firing then commenced in good earnest. The entertainment was brief but *exceedingly interesting*, and, after a short time, it was evident that the rebels were more anxious to retreat than our own men.

We have to lament the loss, in this engagement, of one who was very dear to and a great favorite with us all. Thomas Carroll was shot through the heart. He enlisted as a private, but through his worth and exemplary conduct was promoted to corporal. Elias Algair received a bad wound in the neck, and also had a part of the middle finger of his left hand shot off. Several others were slightly wounded. Company D, being protected by the woods, sustained no injury.

In the evening, a section of a rifled battery was placed in position in the road, to give the rebs a warm reception should they pay us a visit after dark. All remained quiet until morning, when they commenced throwing shot and shell in the direction of Hall's Hill, where Company A was stationed. That company was also ordered to fall back. Occasionally, they would send a shell at us, without, however, doing any damage.

The occasion brought Generals McDowell, Keyes, and Wadsworth promptly to the spot, who, after learning the details of the affair, complimented Colonel Crane and his command very flatteringly. We learn to-day from a lady whose residence is near where the conflict took place, that the rebels acknowledge a loss of eleven killed and many wounded. From her statement, they outnumbered us two to one, but were all under the influence of liquor, which proved a serious disadvantage to them. All is quiet now, however, and peace reigns again in Israel.

The health of the regiment was not good at this time. Camp diseases were numerous, and fever made serious inroads. Several deaths occurred, among them L. L. Bacon, Company K. Mr. Bacon was a young man of uncommon natural ability and great promise. He was a prompt and faithful soldier, and by his kind and gentlemanly bearing he had won the respect and good-will of his comrades, and they will remember with regret that inexorable fate took him so soon away. An accident occurred here, resulting in the death of James Pease, Company E. He was one of a working party which had been felling trees near Fort Tillinghast. Mr. Pease was by some means caught under the limb of a falling tree, and so badly injured that he died of the wounds.

CHAPTER III.

UPTON HILL AND DALE.

THOUGH the enemy had retired across the railroad on driving in our pickets, they had retained possession of Upton's Hill, and it was ascertained by Professor Lowe, in his balloon ascensions, that they were fortifying Munson's Hill, directly in rear of Upton's. What appeared to be a formidable rifle-pit could also be distinctly seen stretching along the crest of Upton's Hill. Cannon also appeared in these fortifications, and the supposition was generally entertained that they intended to hold this position if possible.

It was ascertained, however, on the 28th of September, that the rebels were evacuating, and accordingly a general advance of our lines determined upon. At five o'clock p.m. the long roll was sounded, creating quite a sensation in camp. For a long time the boys had been ripe for a regular pitched fight with the gray-backs, and now the opportunity had come. All was hurry and bustle. They were soon in line and set off, "double quick," for the scene of action. The main road was crammed with infantry, artillery, and cavalry, which impeded progress somewhat; but before sundown our forces were posted in undisputed possession of Upton's Hill.

It was with some little chagrin and much laughter that the threatening cannon were discovered to be stove-pipes mounted on wheels, and the formidable earth-

works and fortifications were mere furrows of earth that would hardly screen a man. Substantial cannon were planted in place of these "make-believes," only the mouths were pointed the other way, and behind them lay masses of ardent soldiers who were willing to meet the foe in open field and fair fight. The night was bleak, and not being allowed to build fires, the men suffered much from cold. There was an injudicious haste in the advance, the men became heated, and had not taken clothing for the night, fearing to be incumbered by it.

The advance was permanent, and the camp moved to Upton Hill. Fortifications were immediately commenced, and the forest in front felled to give scope to cannon. Redoubts were also erected on the hills in front. This work occupied about one month, and the Twenty-third had its share in the labor. Sickness, which had commenced at Arlington, increased here to an alarming extent. A farm-house near by was given up by Colonel Hoffman, who had with his staff occupied it as quarters, and converted into a hospital. This was soon filled to overflowing, and many were compelled to lie in camp and be treated. It was not until the camp was moved to Upton Dale that the fever ceased its ravages.

On the sunny side of Upton's Hill is a copse of pine and cedar interspersed with numerous varieties of trees, and all tangled together with grapevines. Stretching away to the south-west from this beautiful wood a fine plat of grass ground reaches off to the cultivated fields. A spring of pure water near by, bubbling from the ground, is swamped in a bog and thicket before it has fairly escaped. This sunny spot, this wood and plat and spring, we called Upton's Dale, and here on the

9th of December the Twenty-third found itself busy in erecting a habitation for the winter.

Man has an indefinite adaptability to circumstances. Necessity drives the soldier into many things which hitherto looked impossible. He will even outstrip the fabled Yankee who could go into the forest and build a saw-mill with nothing but an iron wedge and a cross-cut saw. The ax and spade were the tools in requisition here. The camp was soon completed, and the nicely graded streets and correct rows of log-cabins with white roofs presented the appearance of a very cheerful little town. Some of these little cabins displayed much taste on the part of the men in the interior and exterior arrangements.

We had been in camp only two days when intelligence of the death of Lieutenant Rodney W. Steele, Company K, was received. This officer was respected and beloved not alone by his company, but by the entire regiment. He died of fever at the residence of his father in Elmira. He was an able and efficient commandant, a kind and agreeable companion, and a true gentleman. In him the regiment lost a most valuable officer. Though quite young he gave promise of superior military talent, and had he lived would probably have won bright laurels for his name. The following general order was issued from headquarters :

HEADQUARTERS 23D REGIMENT N. Y. V., UPTON DALE, *December 11, 1861.*

GENERAL ORDER No. 14.

In accordance with resolutions passed at a meeting of commissioned officers convened on hearing of the death of Lieutenant Rodney W. Steele, Company K, all commissioned officers in this command will wear upon the sword-hilt the usual badge of mourning on all occasions until January 11, 1862. The regimental colors will be draped in mourning, and the camp and quarter-flags will be at half-mast during this day.

By order.

H. C. HOFFMAN, Colonel Commanding.

The three months, December, January, and February, that we remained in this pleasant encampment, soon sped away. The time was occupied almost invariably in drill, reviews, and picket. Division drills were superintended by General McDowell in person, and occurred as often as the weather and condition of the troops would permit. Some of these drills were magnificent, embracing all the maneuvers of an army fighting a great battle, with all the noise of musketry, artillery, and a grand charge of cavalry. It is said that General McDowell subsequently carried out in actual battle the plans here practiced. His division was certainly rendered more proficient by them.

Two excursions were made during the winter by General Wadsworth's brigade, one after a large quantity of forage near Fairfax Court House, which was successful, the other in search of a large body of rebel cavalry to the north of the above place, which was unsuccessful. We did not find them. Nothing but this and picket duty occurred to disturb the monotony of the camp. The weather was for the most part mild, but sometimes very disagreeable owing to the rain and mud. The health of the regiment improved very rapidly during these three months, and was good at the opening of the spring campaign.

We can give here but one incident of picket, though much that is worthy to be recorded occurred.

During the month of November, while a part of the Twenty-third were on picket duty toward Fairfax, and near the residence of Mr. Doolin, two men from Company I were posted by Captain Chapman at the house of Mr. Brush, about half a mile in advance of our picket lines. This was done by request of Mr. Brush, who complained of being molested by the Union pick-

ets. The men were Corporal L. S. Townsend and Private T. H. Wheeler, both of Company I. They endeavored to engage the old man Brush in conversation, but he was quite sullen, and finally made a feint of going to some work on the barn. He however managed to raise a signal, and on returning left the gates to the front and rear of the house open.

The boys suspected nothing, and were amusing themselves near the veranda, having placed their guns against the house. Captain Chapman had just returned to the picket reserve. At this moment a squadron of cavalry rode rapidly up to the house, coming through the open gate, and as they were dressed in Union garb, the boys supposed they were a reconnoitering party of our own cavalry. As they rode up, the boys inquired what cavalry they were.

"Stewart's First Virginia Cavalry," answered the lieutenant addressed.

They immediately sprang for their guns, but were too late. The rebels dashed forward, and, presenting their revolvers, demanded immediate surrender. Seeing the utter futility of a struggle against such odds, they surrendered and gave up their pieces. The rebels seemed much pleased with the new Enfield rifles. Turning to the corporal, the rebel lieutenant then asked:

"Where are the Union pickets?"

"They are along the woods across the field yonder," said the corporal.

"What force is there in reserve?" asked the rebel.

"Our regiment," said the corporal.

"Is that the truth?" asked the rebel, while he fixed a piercing glance from his dark, fierce eyes upon his prisoner. There were but two companies there at the

time, and it would not have been difficult for this squadron, by a sudden dash, to rout, if not capture, the whole party. Townsend knew this, and knew also that he could save them by adhering to the falsehood he had already uttered, so he quickly replied—

“Yes, sir.”

“Are there any pickets at Doolin’s house?” asked the rebel.

“Yes.”

“How many?”

“Our company.”

This was also untrue, there being only two or three pickets there; but who shall condemn Corporal Townsend for saving his comrades, even at the sacrifice of truth?

Deeming it unsafe to attempt a raid on the pickets, the rebel cavalry started again for Fairfax. They attempted to compel their prisoners to double quick, but still hoping to be observed by their comrades and saved, they refused, and at last the lieutenant told two of his men to take them upon their horses. They bothered these men for some time in getting on; as Townsend said: “I made about twenty attempts to mount, but could not, and finally compelled the reb to dismount and let me get on first; but no relief came, and we were taken to Fairfax.” They were treated well by this cavalry.

In a few days General Stewart sent for them to come to Centreville, and attempted to get some information of the Union army from them. They were then sent to Richmond; from there to Tuscaloosa, then to Weldon, Salisbury, Tarborough, and Newbern, where they were exchanged. After a furlough home they rejoined the regiment.

UPTON'S HILL, VA., *February 2d, 1862.*

MR. ADVERTISER: After another week of lowering skies, snow, rains, hail and frost, the sun glares as if in anger at the long defiant mud, and not because it is Sunday.

If you ever saw a low prairie in Missouri or Illinois, after March rains, which had been mixed up and trodden by the male population of a great city for weeks, you can imagine the condition of our streets and parade grounds. Verily, are we "mudsills," or are we not?

On this day, by you allotted to rest and spiritual cultivation, the heavens invite to a tour of observation and the reading of a chapter in the great Book of Nature. But the vile earth forbids, and since a practical man should "be happy all ways he can," your correspondent is pleasuring in the contemplation of our enemy's supposed sufferings from a scarcity of salt, stocking yarn, and Massachusetts mackerel, which will yet make them succumb, if the predictions of certain newspaper correspondents are true.

* * * Our long friend, Duane Thompson, has been appointed second lieutenant of Company K, and Judd D. Burt succeeds him as orderly.

* * * Elder Crane took leave of his many friends here on Tuesday, and returned to home duties. He will be ever present, however, in the memory of many a warm-hearted soldier; and the recollection of his kind and obliging acts will still linger, though his cordial smile has ceased to greet us. Success to him and his earthly mission. The chaplaincy will, undoubtedly, be well filled by its present incumbent, Mr. Dubois, of Western New York.

* * * The forces in our division consist as follows: the Second, Sixth, and Seventh Wisconsin and the Nineteenth Indiana—General King—at Arlington. A few companies of them garrison the forts we built in August last. The New York Twenty-second, Twenty-fourth, Thirtieth, and Eighty-fourth, General Augur, are on the rear slope of this hill. The Eighty-fourth have formerly been known as the Fourteenth Militia, Brooklyn firemen. Wadsworth's brigade—Twenty-first, Twenty-third, Thirty-fifth, and Eightieth, New York. The Eightieth came here as the Twentieth Militia. The First New Hampshire, Fifth Rhode Island, Third Pennsylvania, and Battery B. Fourth United States—under Captain Gibbons, of the last named. The First New York Cavalry, known as the "Harris Light Cavalry."

* * * We are thus far satisfied with General McClellan, and though not every officer was born a Wellington or a Charles the Twelfth, the world, which measures military ability by military success, will determine after the war who are our great generals by counting the heroes. General McDowell is an accomplished officer

and good tactician and very competent to maneuver his division, as is often demonstrated. The Twenty-first, Thirty-fifth, and Eightieth at last rejoice in the possession of the Austrian rifle, equally as effective as ours. Now we are a rifle brigade.

All are well, and all are hoping for spring and busy life.

Yours, etc.,

F. B.

UPTON'S HILL, VA., *March 9th*, 1862.

MR. ADVERTISER: The bright sun and cheerful sky to-day extended your humble servant an irresistible invitation to enjoy a ramble over the fenceless fields and destroyed forests of this vicinity, hinting significantly to my judgment that it would be for the last time.

Our party in its travels saw nothing sufficient to break the Sabbath or worthy of mention, except perhaps a few straggling sons of Mars, styling themselves "Zouaves." If you never saw one of the class of warriors thus denominated, I will describe one as understood in the volunteer's dictionary. He consists of a human being surmounted by a cap of some style as uncomfortable and outlandish as can be devised, without regard to utility; clad in a coat, shirt, or blouse of similar unpracticable design or pattern, and pants drawn close to the person by plaids and gathers, and which must contain cloth enough to make at least one overcoat and a pair of horse blankets. All these, variously decorated according to taste, as Northern teamsters bedeck the headstalls of their harnesses, entitle him to be depicted in fashion plates or on the last page of *Frank Leslie's* or *Harper's Weekly*, and constitute him a "Zouave," as known in the service of the United States.

* * * The past week has been industriously spent by this rifle brigade, and particularly by the Twenty-third, in drilling exercises, both forenoon and afternoon, and by squads, companies, and battalions. The beneficial effects will, I trust, be felt and appreciated by all of us in future labors and results not distant.

General Wadsworth, wishing to test the strength and endurance of the men of his command in the capacity of pack-horses, marched all hands out on the Lewinsville Road last Thursday afternoon in "heavy marching order," where knapsacks were unslung and the little traveling tent taken out and pitched. After each squad of three had crawled at least once under the little shelter which is to be its hotel each night after leaving this city, the regiments returned to their respective camps.

* * * Dress parade. Until next time, adieu.

Yours, etc.,

F. B.

P. S.—Eleven P.M.—The guard are just discharged, cooks are routed to cook three days' rations, and this battalion expects to hear the music

of the drum-major to the time of "Yankee Doodle" ere daylight You may bet that one long-legged corporal is happy, and each fellow awake is jubilant.

UPTON'S HILL, VA., *Tuesday, October 8th, 1861.*

EDITORS ADVERTISER: Though items of a "thrilling" order are somewhat scarce in this matter-of-fact community, who have undertaken the task of chopping their way to Richmond, the quill-pushing propensity of an idle corporal is prompted by the faint hope of some long-sought idea or event occurring between this and the end of this sheet which may be of common interest.

A fatigue party of us, two hundred strong, lately returned from a half-day's labor with pick and shovel in the trenches of a fort in course of construction near by, with stomach and appetite well qualified and appreciative of an excellent afternoon's repast (collation, I think you editors and literary men call it). I will give you the bill of fare from memory. First in the course:

Soup—of pork, bean-flavored.

(No fish—sutler is out of herrings.)

Beans—*à la mode*—pork-sauce—nutritious and healthful.

Coffee—plain.

Water—per canteen.

Bread—baker's.

Butter—(of our good sutler) aromatic and odoriferous, and tasting much like "thirty-(s)cents" per pound.

Vegetables—potatoes—Virginian—by private forage train (not "Hawk-stricken," we presume).

Dessert—sugar, pepper, salt, vinegar.

Pastry—Baltimore pilot-bread.

Fruit—chestnuts, from the leveled rail timber hereabout.

Et cetera—cigars, pipes, tobacco, etc.

After doing justice to the hearty meal just served up to us, this company, I feel, are on a war footing, and need some exercise to keep the blood in circulation, for the winds which threaten to overthrow our humble habitations are cold to-day, and although pleasant and refreshing, are keenly felt now after the very warm weather of the past few days.

The heat had been a source of discomfort for about a week until last night, when a few thunder-showers passed along the lines of the Federal army, accompanied by high winds and pelting the poor sentinels on duty with hail-stones or slugs of ice of almost fabulous size—some were found larger than goose eggs.

Chaplain Crane was aroused in the midst of the drenching rain about

two o'clock this morning by the downfall of his protecting canvas ; but, soldier-like, he submitted to the mishap with commendable stoicism until with the assistance of his boarder, William Robinson, the cotton walls of their residence were in position. The tent occupied by Lieutenant-Colonel Crane, our adjutant and sergeant-major, did not fall, but the friction and cohesion of sand and oak pins would not hold the cotton canvas back, and it went bodily, carrying the "regulation" and fighting wardrobe of its occupants. Imagine, Mr. Editor, the flight—the night was very dark—the rain *some*.

The axmen have so leveled the forests that the view to the front from this point is much less obstructed than it was ten days ago ; and while the routes open to the advance of an attacking force are lessened in numbers, our artillerists have now ample scope and range. General McClellan, in an order read at dress parade, complimented the men of the advance line hereabouts, and Wadsworth's brigade particularly, on the performance of more labor in the construction and establishment of the chain of works of defense than had ordinarily been accomplished by like numbers in double the time since the general advance, etc., etc.

A few Confederate pickets and horsemen are daily visible with the aid of the glass on the high grounds toward Fairfax Court House, at a distance of two or three miles, from which direction they fired a few cannon-balls at the Thirty-fifth on Saturday evening at sunset. They were "promptly" answered by a round shot from one rifled gun here—a waste of powder on both sides, probably.

Everything is quiet in this vicinity but the wind, which sounds hoarse notes on tent-flaps and sings shrill songs on a high key with foolscap.

New York papers still find their way into camp, their astute disquisitions and reports of plans of campaigns and military operations being taken at a discount. It is not true, as they state, that Smith's division first stationed pickets at Falls Church, a duty assigned to Company "D" of this regiment and a few scouts of United States cavalry. The advance sentinel of the enemy on that occasion was a *gallant old contraband* shivering on horseback.

The ruins of no less than seven dwellings with their outbuildings, destroyed by incendiary torches, besides fences and barns *partially* demolished, present themselves to the eye of the beholder from our parade ground within the circuit of a mile—a vandalism which order-loving soldiers are happy to hear the people and the authorities discountenance and reprobate, though some extenuating circumstances ought to be promulgated in connection with the verdict of popular condemnation and abhorrence. It must be recollected that volunteers have for several weeks been detailed to guard the property and homes of supposed loyalists against the depredations of soldiery on the bor-

ders, which duty is of course attended with some risk of personal safety, and in a majority of cases these same "Unionists" have, Breckenridge-like, when no further benefits were needed, availed themselves of the earliest opportunity to remove within the lines of the Confederates with information, aid, and comfort for the enemy, and all they could steal from that government which sought their protection. It was the duty of an advancing force, on September 28th, to search houses for pirates and contraband articles, and if strychnine, hams, and pork had not been found on the premises of Major Nutt, his house and furniture would to-day remain intact, although he is now in the Southern service, working for the overthrow of the nation which formerly fed him in office.

The weather has been too pleasant of late for mortal combat; but the present bracing and wholesome atmosphere stimulates the general desire of the rank and file to reduce a battalion drill to practice, and each philanthropist longs for that national millennium when this broad land shall be inhabited by a wise and virtuous "people whose God is the Lord," who will appreciate the blessings of free institutions, and have sense enough to know when they are well off. F. B.

1757954

CHAPTER IV.

THE MARCH.

THE great plan of advance being now perfected, orders were received to march. The knapsack drill had accustomed us to carrying "our burden," and the art of putting up the little shelter tent was soon acquired.

All things being now ready, at three o'clock on Monday morning, March 10th, General "Yankee Doodle" called us into line, and we set out in the darkness for Centreville—more properly, Richmond. It was a rainy march and a weary one, but as we encountered no enemy, it was uninterrupted. We expected to find them at Fairfax—we found deserted earth-works and a dilapidated village. We expected to find them at Centreville—Fairfax ditto Centreville. The cavalry had searched for them at Manassas and could not find them, but were in hot pursuit toward Warrenton. The great bubble had burst. Manassas, the "bug-bear," was caged. The wooden gun, however, remained; we saw that with our own eyes. We camped two miles north of Centreville, and until the 15th. On the 12th, Gen. Wadsworth, knowing the anxiety of the men to see the fortifications of Centreville, took the brigade out there to drill.

All will remember that grand charge upon the earth-works. Our men scaled them at a bound. The plan of these works is formidable, but the works

themselves hardly better than rifle-pits. We returned highly pleased.

The following extract is from a soldier's diary, and as it expresses the idea exactly, we reproduce it.

Tuesday, March 11th, 1862.

I awoke about one o'clock, almost perished with cold, and going down to the fire, which was built in the hollow of a huge stub, dried my feet and clothes, then slept warm until morning. Reveille aroused us very early, and we struck tents and ate our breakfast. No advance being ordered, I went forward to an eminence, and obtained a view of the fortifications around Centreville and the mountains beyond Manassas. Hearing a loud cry in the direction of the Fourteenth Brooklyn, I looked up and saw a troop of horse emerging from the wood. "McClellan!" "Hurrah for McClellan!" was repeated from mouth to mouth and from camp to camp. Just then, they made a graceful curve beyond the hill, and entering the main road dashed forward toward Centreville. He was accompanied by General McDowell. We made a grand rush for the road, and as he came up I obtained a good view of his features. His portraits are untrue. His mustache and imperial are of the what-di-ye-call-it color, between sandy and dark, his complexion sandy, hair auburn, I should think. His eye is very piercing, one of those eyes in which one discovers latent fires and, when aroused, flames. Its color I could not discover. As he passed, the dense crowd parted and sent up peal on peal of applause, which echoed, re-echoed, and echoed again, as it died away in the depths of that ancient forest of oak. He gracefully raised his hat, but discovering our own General Wadsworth among the crowd, reined up his steed, smiled, and heartily shook hands with him, asking after his brigade. McClellan is a great general.

On the following day, General Wadsworth placed the command of the brigade into the hands of Colonel Rogers, of the Twenty-first, bade us an affectionate good-bye, said "it would be his choice to remain with the brigade and lead them to battle, but he must obey orders," then set out for Washington, to take the post of military governor of the District of Columbia, to which he had been assigned. This good-bye of the General cast a shade of sad-

ness over the brigade which he had cared for so long and so like a father.

Early on the morning of the 15th we were on our way to Alexandria, for the purpose of shipping upon transports. Rain had fallen all the previous night, and during the day it poured down. 'Twas a sorry march, twenty miles before us, without rest or food, and in such a storm. Our feet were already sore from traveling over this rough macadamized road, and our soaked garments, adding much to our load, chilled our limbs. Major Gregg and Colonel Crane, with their usual kind-heartedness, relieved many a poor fellow of his load long enough to get rested, so as to continue the march and keep up. We passed one regiment who had set fire to a deserted house, and flocked around it to get warm. Just before night we halted at "Four Mile Run." This little stream had suddenly become a lake, and impassable. All attempts to bridge it proved futile, and the Twenty-third took "lodgings" in a thicket near by. The rain continued nearly all night.

An attempt was made the next day to bridge the stream, but to no purpose, and the brigade returned to its old quarters on Upton Hill. The boys returned to these rude cabins after this brief absence with as much apparent joy as the wanderer returns to a cherished home after years of separation. We remained but two days and moved again, but this time only about one mile, and camped at Bailey's Cross Roads, with the expectation of being shipped down the river very soon. Mr. Judd (regimental sutler) had shipped a cargo of sutler's stores, and was waiting to accompany us; but for some reason then entirely unknown, we remained in this encamp-

ment until the 4th of April. While here General Patrick took command of the brigade and drilled it daily, when the weather would permit. He expressed himself much disappointed in the efficiency of the brigade as to drill. He "thought General Wadsworth had spoiled the brigade." In one particular he had, for he had taken such firm hold of their affections that, from this fact alone, the man who took his place was looked upon as a usurper.

Nothing of more than ordinary interest occurred while here, unless the grand review by General McClellan accompanied by several foreign functionaries, which took place near Alexandria, may be said to be interesting. Such reviews may be a very fine sight to spectators and newspaper reporters who have no musket or knapsack to carry, but to the private soldier they are very tiresome and very useless.

CHAPTER V.

BRISTO.

HEADQUARTERS TWENTY-THIRD REGIMENT, BIVOUAC NEAR BRISTO, }
PRINCE WILLIAM COUNTY, VA., *April 6, 1862.* }

DEAR THURSTON: Contrary to all expectations we left our camp on the Leesburg pike last Friday at three P.M., and took up our march to Richmond (as is supposed) by the overland route. Although many were taken by surprise at this right-about move, I have heard none complain. All feel satisfied that at last we are to enter upon duties long and unnecessarily delayed. We camped for the first night three miles east of Fairfax Court House. Colonel Hoffman and myself in the old and somewhat celebrated tavern stand of the late Billy Gooding. It is kept at this time by one of his daughters, whose husband is now in the secession army. We were told by an old citizen that Uncle Billy had kept this place nearly sixty years, that he was the owner of six hundred and fifty acres of land and from sixty to one hundred slaves, and could not raise corn enough upon the estate to furnish them with bacon and bread. Uncle Billy had not been much of a traveler, having never been to Alexandria but once, once to Winchester, and once to Leesburg. The landlady complained of hard times. I tried to give her comfort by telling her that if she would cash her slaves by the process which the President has recommended, sell one half of her land to a live Yankee, and sit quietly down for ten years, she would be worth more than Uncle Billy was in his palmiest days. But it's no go; they will hang to the incubus which year by year has dragged them down until they are but little, if any, the superiors of their fellow-mortals whom they buy and sell.

Saturday morning we took up our march toward Manassas. We halted for dinner at the camp we had left three weeks before for Alexandria. We crossed Bull Run before dark, and camped for the night upon its south bank, leaving the Quaker guns of Centreville, which we all saw, and passed jokes upon the controversy going on in the newspapers at home with reference to this subject. This morning at eight o'clock we left Bull Run, passed through the place once known as Manassas Junction, but now a mass of charred ruins, and arrived at this

place at three P.M., fording Road Run, a stream about the size of Bull Run. We expect to remain here until the entire division commanded by General McDowell comes up. Our men are in fine spirits, and impatient to go forward. General Patrick (Lucius Robinson's old friend) is our brigadier, and General Rufus King our division general. They are both accomplished officers.

Since arriving here I received your letter, together with Elmira and New York papers, by which we learn that the army of the Potomac is divided. It is my opinion that General McDowell intends to find the rebels (if there are any between this and Richmond) at the earliest possible moment. With kind regards, I am, etc.,

WM. GREGG.

The above letter is introduced here, not only for the facts contained, but for its reference to the condition of society in this portion of Virginia. The condition of what is here termed the "wealthy class" is even pitiable, while the "poor" are of that wretched type of poverty which stalls with the brutes. They are worse than the "squalid poor" of our large cities, the scum of grogeries and brothels. The day after arriving at Bristo a severe northeast storm visited us. The following is what an eye-witness thought of it:

"To the close of life Bristo will be remembered by General Patrick's brigade. A blinding storm of snow and sleet and rain pelted down upon us for three long days and nights. The severity of General Patrick's orders in reference to the camp guard added much to the suffering of the men. This region is desolate enough in summer, but now, when field and forest and every thing is bound by snow and ice, when the trees groan under the masses of snow and bow to the earth, when earth and air is chilled by a savage northeaster, gloom and desolation are profound. Huge fires are burning in front of each little cloth cover, denominated tent, and infuses a little warmth into the chilled limbs of the drenched soldier boys. But sleep refuses to visit our weary eyes till nature is exhausted, then we lie down

upon the wet ground, to be soon awakened by the cold and rain, to find our limbs stiff and numb. This is no overdrawn picture. It is my opinion that the heroic fortitude that can endure all this must be good stuff. The camp guard, whose line stretches a circuit of two miles in length, stalks his lonely round while his wet and icy garments flap in the wind or freeze to his flesh. Another thing that will compel us to remember Bristo was the shooting of young Up De Graff, of Company K, by the patrol. The man who shot him was a member of the Twenty-fourth New York. The act can be designated by no milder term than murder, as Up De Graff offered no serious resistance, though he was injudiciously bantering with the patrol. He was a prompt and sprightly soldier and a genial companion. But I need not speak of him further. He can never be forgotten by you, or me, or his comrades."

Joseph M. Up De Graff, referred to in the above, was buried with military honors in a private cemetery near the railroad, but his remains were subsequently removed to Elmira, in care of Rev. Mr. Crane, former chaplain of the Twenty-third, and deposited in the "Evergreen" Cemetery.

CHAPTER VI.

FALMOUTH.

THE east bank of the Rappahannock, opposite to Fredericksburg and south of Falmouth, stretches away for half a mile in a plain, then rising abruptly, reaches the level of the surrounding country. These are the heights from which Fredericksburg was subsequently bombarded. In a large field at the foot of these heights General Patrick's brigade bivouacked on the afternoon of the 19th of April.

King's division had been ordered to advance rapidly upon Fredericksburg; accordingly on the 16th we went forward to Catlett Station, and from there on the 18th set out for F——. We made twenty-two miles on the first day, though we encountered a severe storm of rain in the evening, which rendered the roads very bad and drenched the men. We marched several miles after the storm opened, and the night was well advanced before the place of bivouac was reached. Many of the men were so tired that they laid down in the rain without tents or supper.

An amusing feature of this march was the swarms of "contrabands." They flocked around us like a swarm of hungry flies, picking up the clothing thrown away by the men. The day was a sultry one, and a large amount of clothing was thrown away to relieve the burden.

They said they were told by their masters to gather

this clothing, which was undoubtedly the truth. They seemed anxious for freedom, but did not seem to understand how to obtain it. One would think that some of them suspected a bloodhound under the promise even of the Union soldiers. This "indefatigable negro," "irrepressible darky," "abolition platform," "shade," "cullud pusson," "contraband," has mingled largely with our campaign.

While on this march a rebel deserter delivered himself up to General Patrick and was taken into custody. He said that he had served under the General in the Mexican war.

We reached Falmouth on the 18th, in time to see the smoke of the smoldering ruins of the bridges, the shipping and the cotton, and the rear of the rebel wagon train trailing down the Bowling Green road and over the hills to the west, out the plank road. Their cavalry videts also showed themselves on the heights watching our movements. A part of our division had had a fight with them the night before and drove them into Falmouth, when they became panic-stricken and destroyed everything. Twenty-three steamers and merchant vessels were destroyed, valued at more than \$125,000, besides the large amount of stores they contained; besides this, there was nearly \$20,000 worth of cotton burned at the warehouses in Fredericksburg.

The Government immediately commenced the reconstruction of the railroad bridge and the repair of the road through to Aquia. Pontoon bridges were soon thrown across. Though parties of both infantry and cavalry visited Fredericksburg almost daily (but with great risk of being captured), the town was not occupied by our troops till the 2d of May. On that

day General King and staff, accompanied by General Patrick and staff, passed over the canal-boat bridge and took a survey of the town. They took with them Company D, Twenty-third New York State Volunteers, Captain Todd, and stationed pickets at important points. The company occupied the large warehouse near the river.

While we lay in this encampment, General Wadsworth visited General Patrick and the old brigade. He was discovered and recognized by some of the men when half a mile away, and the cry was immediately raised, "Waddy's coming!" "Old Waddy's coming!" It ran rapidly along the line. Then a grand rush was made. Men jumped from their tents capless and coatless. Those who had caps swung them, and all shouted, "Hurrah for General Wadsworth!" As he came galloping into camp accompanied by his staff, the brigade instantly surrounded him in so dense a mass as to hem him in entirely. He shook hands with all whom he could reach, asking after the health and fare of the men, then forced his way out of this press, vainly endeavoring to hide the tears that gushed unbidden to his eyes. He did not expect such a greeting, and indeed such a greeting is vouchsafed to but few men in the army.

On the 7th of May, the Twenty-third crossed the river and occupied Fredericksburg, raising the "stars and stripes" for the first time above this rebel town. General Patrick had been appointed military governor of the city, and had detailed the Twenty-third as guard and patrol. Colonel Hoffman established his headquarters in a brick building near the railroad dépôt, and the various companies were assigned their respective posts above and below the town. A line

of pickets was thus formed, half a mile out, that completely hemmed in the city.

The following is what the Fredericksburg *Christian Banner* said of the Twenty-third at this time :

Pursuant to orders of Brigadier-General Patrick, on Wednesday, the 7th of May, 1862, the Southern Tier Rifles, Twenty-third New York State Volunteers, Colonel H. C. Hoffman commanding, took up its line of march from camp near Falmouth for the occupation of Fredericksburg, arriving in the city at nine o'clock A.M. Such respectful regard was paid to the sensitiveness of the inhabitants of our town as to dispense with martial music usual upon such occasions, the regiment marching to its quarters with fine and soldierly bearing. Companies were immediately detailed and dispatched to outposts guarding the various approaches to the town.

The officers of this regiment—field, staff, and line—are gentlemen of the highest respectability and of dignified and courteous demeanor, and such has been the respectful deportment of this entire command as to elicit the most unbounded admiration and confidence of all the inhabitants of our town.

By order of Colonel Hoffman, Sergeant-Major Devoe and Color-Corporal Crocker flung the time-honored flag—the good old “stars and stripes”—to the breeze, at headquarters, opposite the railroad dépôt, immediately upon their occupation. This regiment, we learn, has been chosen for the occupation of the town on account of its high character for respect, ability, and rigid discipline; and from what we have seen, we are confident a more judicious selection could not be made. Witnessing, as we do, the preservation of all personal rights and privileges, the protection of private property, and the unrestricted conduct and continuance of the accustomed business pursuits of our citizens, we can not but conclude that this war is waged by the general Government upon principles infinitely transcending in mercy all others which the world has ever known, and of which history affords no precedent or parallel.

The townspeople treated the “Yankees” as Southern people generally do the Union soldiers. The men looked savage at us. The women wore secession badges, and would invariably turn their backs upon a blue uniform. The children would do what the parents dare not—they would “hurra for Jeff. Davis

and the Southern Confederacy." Scouting parties were sent out from time to time, and seldom without finding and having an encounter with the enemy.

A skirmish occurred on Sunday the 18th, on the Bowling Green road. The enemy had showed themselves at this point and along the woods bordering the railroad. They were evidently advancing with the intention of attacking Fredericksburg, or of ascertaining the strength of the Federal force. The brigade had crossed the river previous to this, and were bivouacked on the flats along Hazel Run. Videts now came in at a break-neck speed, firing their carbines and otherwise giving the alarm. A squadron of cavalry had appeared drawn up in line in a wheat-field about a mile out, and seemed to challenge fight.

The long roll was immediately sounded. A squadron of the Harris Light Cavalry soon came dashing into the road from Hazel Dell, and as they advanced they deployed rapidly from right to left. Colonel Hoffman in the mean time had got together five companies of the Twenty-third and followed rapidly up. Colonel Lord, of the Thirty-fifth, brought his regiment up on "double quick," while the Twentieth and Twenty-first were ordered down the railroad. The rebel cavalry seeing this array of force, wheeled and galloped away in a cloud of dust. General Patrick ordered the Twenty-third forward as skirmishers, and advanced two miles, but discovered no enemy in force. A shot fired at General Patrick by a rebel sharpshooter missed him, but killed the horse of an orderly by his side.

The pickets were now advanced to the ravine near the house of Mr. Bernard. The companies of the Twenty-third were ordered to join the regiment at

Hazel Dell. Another week rolled round. The railroad had been completed, and the rattle of the cars and the familiar screech of the locomotive, to which we had been strangers so long, heard once more.

Dense columns of smoke were seen to rise in the direction of the rebel encampments on the evening of the 24th, and during the night great sheets of flame lighted up the sky. It was correctly inferred from this that the enemy were evacuating their position. On the following morning the arsenal in town was blown up by some means unknown—probably known to the people. William March, Company A, who was standing guard at the time over the arsenal, was blown to pieces by the explosion. Parts of his body were never found. A leg was found on the roof of another building. His remains were collected and buried.

A general advance was now made. Gibbons' brigade took the Bowling Green road. General Patrick, with three regiments—Twentieth, Twenty-first, and Thirty-fifth—took the Telegraph road, while he ordered Colonel Hoffman up the river two miles to guard the flank. General Hatch followed on the Telegraph road. Two days elapsed and we joined the brigade on the Telegraph road, seven miles out. Here had been quite an extensive camp of the enemy, under General Walker. The conjectures were all verified, and the reports of the rebel prisoners proved true. The camps had been desolated by fire, and judging from their extent, the force amounted to eight or ten thousand.

CHAPTER VII.

AFTER JACKSON.

THE wild rumors received and circulated concerning the danger of General Banks' position at last became "news," and Jackson's "diversion" up the Shenandoah a certainty. General Shields had arrived at Fredericksburg on the day of the advance, but returned immediately to the valley. General Banks needed help, and instead of sending the troops lying idle at Washington, General McDowell was called upon, and a forced march to Front Royal necessary—necessary also to abandon the plan of co-operation with the army of the Potomac. These troops would inevitably arrive too late, while the forces from Washington could be sent through by rail to Front Royal in twelve hours.

We arrived in the vicinity of Haymarket on the 1st of June, having waited one day at Catlett's Station for the cars which had taken half of the brigade forward. We camped in a grove about one mile north of the town, on the banks of the Bull Run. The expedition to Front Royal had failed to find the enemy, and returned to Haymarket. We encountered a rain-storm here that lasted four days and made a flood of the stream. The camp was a sorry sight, gloomy beyond description. A person who has never experienced such days in like circumstances can have no adequate

idea of the utter ~~hor~~lornness and goneness that is brought on by such a storm.

Colonel Hoffman was taken sick at this time with fever, but unwilling to give up, he followed the regiment on the march to Warrenton, for which place we set out on the morning of the 6th of June. The creeks were badly overflowed and we were compelled to ford them, the bridges being washed away. Broad Run was the most obstinate, taking us in nearly to the middle. Warrenton was at this time infested by a band of guerrillas, called by the citizens "Mountain Boys," but none of them made their appearance.

The brigade started again for Fredericksburg on the 8th, reaching Elk Run on the 9th. We remained here five days. The following incident which happened here will serve to bring to mind others of a similar character: One of the brigade had been caught by General Patrick's "patrol guard" in the act of milking a cow, by stripping the milk into his mouth and drinking it warm. He was brought before the General, when the following colloquy occurred:

General. Did you strip the milk of the cow into your mouth and drink it warm?

Soldier. Yes, sir!

General. You great calf! Go TO YOUR REGIMENT!

We now went forward to the old mill on the head waters of Aquia Creek. This camp will probably be remembered by the regiment for many incidents that occurred here. It was the season for cherries. That word "cherries" will bring to mind heaps of adventures. The country abounds with this fruit, large and luscious, red and black. Those cool refreshing baths in the mill-pond and under the water-wheel of the old mill were delightful.

The mail came to us here. We had had no mail in three long weeks, and now there was a flood of it. It would be safe to say that the regiment never received so much joy at one outpouring as at this time. This pleasure is partly expressed in the following lines:

“How very dear the shout that rings
In exultation loud and clear,
To hail the messenger who brings
Letters from home and kindred dear;
And 'neath the pale moon's smiling light
The soldier reads his treasure o'er,
And through the hours of silent night,
In dreams he visits home once more.”

A soldier writing at the time says:

“Nothing that transpires in camp gives so much real pleasure, or brings more bitter disappointment, as the mail. Pleasure, when friends at home have remembered us; harrowing disappointment, either when the mail fails to bring the letters written, or friends fail to write the letters expected. There was a great bustle and excitement in camp when it was ascertained that there was a wagon-load of mail for the Twenty-third, and while it was being distributed the scene was quite amusing. All were eager and cheerful, and as letter after letter was counted off, a stream of jokes followed the happy recipients to their tents. The seals were hastily broken, and an observer could plainly guess the various contents of the missives by watching the changing expression on the countenance of the soldier.

“Here a youth, who has just stepped upon the stage of manhood, has a letter from a fond father in the decline of life, who, after giving all those bits of intelligence which please while they edify, adds a few pages of advice so full of fatherly fondness and gems of

experience, that a new and strange joy lights up the features of the young man. He never knew that his father loved him so much.

"There sits a husband and father with distressed features, absorbed in a letter that tells of sickness and suffering at home. Those loved ones have no natural protector but him, and he is far away. I saw one poor fellow take with trembling hand a letter with a black seal, and the expression of woe as he broke it open and read was distressing to look upon.

"Yonder a pale, thoughtful youth has opened a dainty little letter, and slyly casting glances around to see if he is observed, proceeds to read. And—but it is profane to lay bare the contents of a love-letter.

"Each soldier is thus intent upon his letter and betrays its contents upon his face as he reads. The dearest letter of all is in the hands of that fair boy over there, stretched upon turf. It is from his mother, and every sentence is freighted with that mother's loving solicitude.

"The soldier brave is often prone
To deem himself forgotten quite,
A wanderer on the earth alone,
When friends at home neglect to write.
Then cheer him oft with words that please,
And thus your deep affection prove ;
Let every keel that plows the seas
Bear him some message full of love."

CHAPTER VIII.

"CAMP RUFUS KING."

THE table-lands at this point reaching east from the Rappahannock are, in the main, level. The monotony, however, is relieved by slight elevations and depressions, and here and there groves of pine and oak. With a fertile soil this region would be delightful ; but it lacks the needful fertility. It is sandy and barren. The natives who are doomed to live here can hardly subsist upon the exhausted soil. This region is especially adapted to the growth of pine and cedar, and some of the most beautiful groves that ever greeted the eye are found here.

About three miles out on the main road toward Bell's Plains, on the left of the road, and on the farm of Mr. King, is one of the most beautiful of these groves. It is the second growth, and upon land cultivated by the wealthy planter in the earlier days of the Old Dominion. The pines vary in size from the mere pole of a few inches in diameter to the stately tree of two feet in diameter, and their graceful, tapering trunks lose themselves in the mass of ever-green foliage of the tangled tops. It is a delicious retreat on a sultry summer's day.

It was beside this wood that General Patrick's brigade encamped on the morning of the 27th of June. The severest drill and the hottest days of summer were the main features of this camp. The mornings

were cool, and a coat was necessary for comfort; but as the day advanced and the heated sun sent down his red-hot rays, the heat became almost intolerable. The sun would burn deep into the bare flesh. At evening, when the sun glanced sidewise at us, the air would become balmy and half the night delicious.

General Patrick seemed determined while here to make his brigade proficient in drill. He utterly disregarded fatigue. The routine of camp was made very rigid. Two brigade drills per day, brigade guard-mounting, company drill, musical drill (or "bear dance"), and dress parade, was the order, departed from only on Sunday and during a thunder-storm.

The Fourth of July was a gala-day for the third brigade. All drill was laid aside. A fine speaker's stand was erected in the broad field and trimmed with evergreen; and here the brigade assembled to listen to the reading of the "Declaration of Independence," and the speeches of the orators of the occasion. Chaplain Roby of the Twenty-first was the reader of the day. Stirring and patriotic speeches were made by General Patrick, Colonel Winslow, Colonel O'Connor of the Second Wisconsin, Colonel Pratt, Colonel Hoffman, Lieutenant-Colonel N. M. Crane, and others.

At dress parade two beautiful swords were presented—one to Colonel Hoffman by the non-commissioned officers of the regiment, costing eighty-five dollars, with this inscription:

PRESENTED TO
COL. H. C. HOFFMAN,
23d N. Y. V.,

By the non-commissioned Officers of his command.
Fredericksburg, July 4th.

—the other to Lieutenant-Colonel Crane by the privates,

costing, with trappings, one hundred and five dollars, and bearing the following inscription :

LIEUT.-COL. N. M. CRANE,

A TOKEN OF ESTEEM,

BY

The Privates of the 23d Regt.

N. Y. VOL.

"Confidē mñhī."

Orderly-Sergeant Judd D. Burt, of Company K., on behalf of the non-commissioned officers, presented the sword to Colonel Hoffman, and in a very neat and appropriate speech expressed the esteem and good-will of the donors. The Colonel replied in the following words :

"Gentlemen of the Committee, and non-commissioned Officers of the Twenty-third—I accept the sword ; I also accept as a matter of necessity, but not of choice, the additional obligations and responsibilities which accompany it.

"Gentlemen, in receiving this token from you who are so much my inferior in rank, I am at a loss to know whether I am more flattered or more embarrassed—flattered, because I am vain enough to think it given as a testimonial of my good intentions in the direction of duty, and not because of any partiality or favors shown to you as a class or to any individual one of you.

"I am embarrassed from the fact that I can not as yet feel that my poor services have earned so rich a tribute.

"Tis a beautiful sword—I might almost say with Shakespeare, 'A better never did sustain itself upon a soldier's thigh.' I prize it highly, gentlemen, and earnestly thank you for it, and I promise you I shall

keep it (if I can) through life. I prize it on account of its real and intrinsic worth, I prize it by reason of its extreme beauty; but its principal and great value to me will be the recollection that it is the donation of your generous hands and patriot hearts.

“We as a regiment have now served more than one of the two years for which we voluntarily left our homes of comfort and luxury, to accept the hardships, privations, and perils of the field in the defense of our first love—our country; and notwithstanding the fact, that since the second week after our arrival at the national capital until now some two weeks past, we have been kept on the extreme front and held constantly, whether in camp, in bivouac, or on the march when danger was the most expected, more perhaps than any other regiment in this army or in the old army of the Potomac while we constituted a part of it, yet it has not been our fate to ever have met the enemy in anything except some sharp skirmishing, and nothing that should be dignified by the name of battle.

“While the evidence is abundant that we have enjoyed, to a fuller extent than most organizations, the confidence of our commanding generals, and while we have satisfactorily and with fidelity discharged those various and peculiarly perilous trusts given into our hands without meeting our foe in any of those disastrous conflicts which have fallen to the lot of some of our more unfortunate comrades, it is not reasonable to presume that such good fortune will always cling to us, but rather that the conflict will be the more terrible by reason of its long delay. I feel that we must and will yet come face to face with the foe; and when we do, and not till then, will come the proof whether or not your gift is worthily bestowed.

"When that time comes, as come it must, I pray that Heaven will so nerve my heart and strengthen the arm which you have intrusted to wield this beautiful weapon, that I may meet the shock in such a manner that you may not be ashamed of the gift."

Mr. Rufus Scott, of Company B, then addressed to Colonel Crane a few remarks, full of pith and matter, and presented the sword. Colonel Crane expressed his thanks in a few brief words. "He should prize this gift on account of the source from whence it comes, and if Heaven spared him to go home, he should look upon it in after years and be reminded of the past. He hoped that the confidence thus expressed in him might be strengthened, but never shaken." (It has been strengthened.)

It is but just to remark here, that subsequent events, both on the march and on the field of battle, proved that the unbounded confidence of the regiment in their commanders was not misplaced.

A few days afterward, a fine sword, costing sixty dollars, was presented to Major William M. Gregg by the line officers. It was presented by Chaplain Dubois. The Major proved himself worthy of the gift by his conduct at the battle of Bull Run.

CHAPTER IX.

RECONNOISSANCE.

A HISTORY like this would be incomplete without an account of the three days' reconnoissance toward Gordonsville.

We were in light marching order. It was the 24th of July, and a warm day. 'Twas about one o'clock P.M. and for the first few hours the march was severe. We passed through Fredericksburg and took the "wilderness road." It was formerly a plank road, but is so badly worn that it can hardly claim that title now. The force consisted of three regiments of infantry, the Second Wisconsin, Thirtieth New York, and the Twenty-third New York, one squadron of cavalry, the Third Indiana, and one battery, Gibbon's. General Patrick accompanied the regiment several miles, then bade the men good-bye, with the charge to bring back a good account of themselves. The expedition was under command of General Gibbon.

Though we made fifteen miles before nine o'clock, the evening march was not severe, but we had hardly got into bivouac when a heavy thunder-storm, which had been coming up from the west all the evening, burst upon us, and being entirely without shelter we were thoroughly drenched. General Gibbon on this occasion showed himself a true campaigner by refusing to seek shelter in the houses in the vicinity, and lying down by the roadside among his men, and sharing with them

the fury of the storm. A church close by was appropriated by the soldiers during the night.

We were aroused very early and moved forward about sunrise. The warm sun soon dried our clothes, and in the cool of the day the march was easy, but the sun soon began to send down his perpendicular rays, and as our pace was increased rather than impeded, the men became very much fatigued. But this fatigue did not prevent some from seeing and hearing whatever of interest was to be seen and heard. An amusing incident occurred in the morning. A battery man had appropriated a horse belonging to a widow lady, whereupon she began a wonderful demonstration of grief and indignation that created quite a sensation of mirth and sympathy among the soldiers. Major Gregg interceded in behalf of the unfortunate widow, and after searching a short time, discovered and returned the stolen horse. He was loaded with expressions of gratitude. Another occurred about noon at the house of a rebel postmaster, opposite whose house our regiment had halted for rest and refreshments. The woman of the house happened to miss a small child (children are the staple product of these poor white Virginia "squalid"), and immediately commenced a dreadful wail, bewailing her loss and charging the "Yankees" with stealing her child. Captain Barstow was the unfortunate victim of her fury, but happily the child soon returned and she was pacified. This must have been an especial favorite, for the affections of the dam divided among such a heap of them must bring but a very small share to each. Many amusing incidents served to make this march very lively and interesting.

A rebel mail was captured at this post-office, which, by the way, was called Verdersville. It appeared from

this mail that the rebels were ignorant of our movements, and to keep our movements secret General Gibbon made prisoners of the male citizens along the route. This road lies through an apparent wilderness. Very few comfortable residences appear along the route. It is a journey between the houses or hovels that border the road. Now and then a family of Virginia's "squalid" are found in some tumble-down log hovel, miserably fighting off starvation. If a respectable residence border the plank, it is honored with the title of "ville" or "burg," and has a name, while the chief tycoon of the ranch is dubbed captain, major, or colonel.

The postmaster and storekeeper of the next place had fled, and a party of soldiers entered it and scattered the papers. Of merchandise the store was said to contain but half a keg of mackerel. The men were very tired when we halted late in the afternoon within three miles of Orange Court House, to make coffee and eat supper. Some were too weary to eat, but when Lieutenant-Colonel Crane came down the line and informed each company and squad of men that it was determined to advance immediately and capture the town, they all forgot their weariness, and springing to their feet made ready for the fight. We were disappointed, however, for it was decided after consultation to defer the attack until morning, and to go into bivouac here. Scouts had reported a large force at Orange Court House.

As soon as it was determined to remain, a party was sent out under command of Lieutenant Hiram Smith to forage for meat in obedience to order No. 5, just issued. A large herd of sheep was soon discovered and surrounded, and forty fine fat muttons were soon stretched upon the grass. Scouting parties of cavalry

were sent out, and infantry pickets (two companies of the Twenty-third and two of the Second Wisconsin) posted, and we laid down beside our arms, scarcely hoping to get a quiet night's rest. The enemy had been informed of our presence and were up in the morning as early as we, as subsequent events proved. The troops were brought into position at sunrise, and a section of the battery accompanied by infantry and cavalry sent forward to reconnoiter. They advanced within full view of the town, stirred up the rebels, and in a brisk little skirmish routed a party of them, taking one prisoner.

The enemy were found to be in such force that it would not be wise to fight them, and the objects of the expedition being now accomplished, we were ordered to fall back. Accordingly the return march was commenced at about ten o'clock A.M. The enemy dogged our march, continually harassing us. An ambuscade was once laid for them, but failed of its purpose by the premature discharge of a gun. About two P.M. a heavy thunder-shower, accompanied by a gale, burst upon us, and the rain continued till night. The march was kept up till the men became too weary to go farther, and as we met Quartermaster Mandeville with rations, we went into bivouac. He also brought the mail, which by the way is almost as valuable as rations. Quartermaster Mandeville is a trump. On this day's march many of the men became too weary to even carry their muskets and accouterments, and some were too sick to walk. The kindness of the three officers who followed the regiment, Colonel Crane, Major Gregg, and Dr. Madill, deserves special mention. They were continually aiding these men by cheering words, carrying their guns, and even dismounting, compelling the weary fellows to ride. Such kindness is not soon

forgotten by the soldier, and for this reason we depart from the settled rule of this work in mentioning it—we sound the praise of no man. The pickets reported the enemy prowled about us all night, but dare not attack.

We went forward the next morning about six miles, to a small stream, where we breakfasted. Here we met the troops who had been sent to our relief. The remainder of the march was not impeded by the hot sun, and about two o'clock P.M. we arrived in camp more weary and worn than any previous march had made us. We had thus made a march of eighty miles in three days, through a wilderness, and over a rough and rugged road, encountering more than ordinary difficulties in terrible storms, heat of the sun, and encroachments of the enemy. It may safely be set down as the most extraordinary reconnoissance during the campaign. After remaining in camp one day for rest, we broke camp and joined the other regiments of the brigade which had removed to the bank of the river. The regiment encamped on a portion of the old Washington plantation, and the camp was consequently named "Camp Washington." Company F was detailed to guard the railroad bridge, and Company K the railroad dépôt in town. General Patrick had been appointed military governor of Fredericksburg. The other companies of the regiment patrolled the town.

CHAPTER X.

RAPPAHANNOCK STATION.

"The land of freedom, sea and shore,
Is guarded now as when
Her ebbing waves to victory bore
Fair barks and gallant men."

On the afternoon of the 18th the wagon-train began to move to the rear, and the regiment received orders to be ready to march at a moment's notice, and we looked forward to a fight at the Rapidan. But it was a bitter disappointment; for on the morning of the 19th we set out for Culpepper, after being in line all night lying beside our stacked muskets. The enemy was reported to be 120,000 strong, and bent on driving us to the wall.

The march was a severe one, for we must positively reach, cross, and hold the river at Rappahannock Station ere the morrow, otherwise the enemy would have the advantage in position. It was near midnight when we bivouacked in an oak grove one mile from the river. It was utterly impossible for weak and sickly men to keep pace, and these laid down by the way, many of them to awake in the morning prisoners of war, or be shot as they lay.

We made an early crossing, and by a special order from the General in immediate command, were allowed a few moments to bathe in the river. The opportunity was seized with eagerness, and in a short time

the mill-pond and river swarmed with nude soldiers, washing off weariness and drinking in vigor at every pore. We soon returned to our posts refreshed. Now came the race for the stragglers. The rebel cavalry dashed upon them from the woods—they dashed for the bridge. The Harris Light Cavalry went out to save them. The rebels were sabering and shooting right and left when the Harris Light came down upon them like a whirlwind. Their fighting was weakness compared with that charge, and the shock of it scattered them in wild confusion.

We now moved up the river, opposite the first ford north of the Station, and encamped for the night. During the night the enemy crossed a force with artillery and cavalry, and took position in a cornfield and wood near the ford. The fight was opened about eight o'clock A.M. by General Patrick's brigade, the Twenty-first Regiment deploying and acting as skirmishers. The enemy opened his battery from the cornfield, but was soon driven from this position by Reynolds' battery, rifled guns, and battery B, Fourth United States. As the sun was sinking into the horizon we advanced to the river under a raking fire of artillery and musketry, and took position near the bank of the river; but owing to our small force we were compelled to retire. The Twenty-third fell back over a rise of ground, raked by the enemy's artillery—column *en masse*—and in perfect order, while the shell burst fearfully above and around it.

We returned to the position of the morning, and slept on our arms. A second time the Twenty-third had been tried, this time in actual battle, and were found ready and willing. It would be out of place to speak of the conduct of any one man where the men

of the entire brigade behaved with the coolness and intrepidity of veterans. True courage may be tested even better by a cannonade than by a hand-to-hand fight.

The following is the official report of this battle by Lieutenant-Colonel N. M. Crane, then in command of the regiment, made after arriving at Upton's Hill :

HEADQUARTERS TWENTY-THIRD REGIMENT N. Y. S. VOLS.

CAPT. KIMBALL, Asst.-Adjutant-General 1st Div. 3d Brig., 1st A. C. :

"SIR—I have the honor to report the part taken by my command in the fight at the ford above Rappahannock Station, on the days of the 21st and 22d of August.

"On the morning of August 21st our artillery opened upon the enemy who appeared at the ford. I received orders to march my command with the brigade to the support of our batteries and prevent the enemy from crossing. I at once proceeded to the point designated, and under orders from General Patrick took position just in rear of a section of Reynolds' battery, formed in double column closed *en masse*, and protected by a natural embankment, upon which the guns were placed. The cannonading at this point was terrific throughout the day. I had four men wounded, two seriously.

"I remained in this position about six hours, when it was ascertained that the enemy in some force had effected a crossing at the ford. The brigade was ordered to the bank of the river, to drive back the enemy and prevent the movement. I proceeded with my command to that point, and formed in double column close to the bank of the river, somewhat protected from the enemy's sharp-shooters and artillery by a rise of ground in front.

"We remained in this position under a severe fire till about dusk, when General Patrick learned that the

enemy were planting a battery so as to sweep the ravine in which the brigade lay. He at once gave the order to fall back to the position of the morning. I proceeded immediately to execute the order; and to do so I was compelled to march in double column faced to the rear of a slope of about thirty rods, where the shot and shell from the enemy's artillery were falling very thick. I gave the necessary orders and moved at double quick up the slope and through a thick grove of pine, while a storm of iron rained upon us. One man was cut in two by a solid shot during this movement. That was the only casualty at this point. We took the position occupied in the morning and lay in line of battle all night.

"I would here add, that this was the first time my regiment had ever been under fire of artillery. I was highly pleased with the conduct of the men. They were cool and prompt to obey orders. Both men and officers behaved like veterans—not a man flinched from his duty.

"The next morning our brigade was relieved by General Doubleday's, and moved back to camp about eight A.M. While my command was leaving the field it was subjected to a severe fire from the enemy's artillery, but no one was injured.

"About three o'clock P.M. I was ordered to take my command and proceed to a ford just above the point of attack, and guard the same. Upon arriving, I found a brigade of General Banks' corps doing the duty to which I had been assigned. I reported the fact to General Patrick, and was ordered back to camp. * * * * *

"N. M. CRANE,
Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding."

Early on the morning of the 23d, the fight opened fiercely with heavy artillery, and lasted for some hours. The bridge was now burned, and the enemy held in check. At eight o'clock we set out for Warrenton, encountering a heavy thunder-storm and got finely drenched. We arrived in time to hear that Stewart's Cavalry had eluded our grasp after accomplishing their work. But the adage, "It is an ill wind," etc., proved good here, for Colonel Crane, with several officers and men, partook of a bountiful supper that had been prepared for the rebel Stewart and his officers.

We encamped here for the night, and in the morning not a vestige of fence remained around the beautiful garden of the Stewarts. The men were scant of rations, and a corn and potato field near by was soon harvested. A quantity of Government "hard tack" was discovered in a hovel, under lock, and immediately appropriated. General Patrick's brigade moved down the pike toward Sulphur Springs, and bivouacked about one mile from Warrenton. Here the scarcity of rations compelled them to live on green corn and potatoes.

The man on whose farm we were encamped, finding that the men were taking his corn, went to General Patrick and commenced his complaint.

"Tut! tut!" says the General; "my men are hungry, and need it more than you."

The tory was effectually silenced.

CHAPTER XI.

TO CEDAR MOUNTAIN.

It was a sultry summer's day the 9th of August, when the detached companies of the Twenty-third joined the regiment at Hazel Dell, just out of town. This day closes an eventful week to this part of the army and to Fredericksburg. Immediately upon taking his seat as military governor, General Patrick posted the regiments of his brigade above and below the town, and established such a dense line of pickets, surrounding the town in a semicircle, that the smuggling of goods to the enemy (which had been carried on to some considerable extent) was effectually stopped. Very wild rumors were set afloat concerning Stonewall Jackson and his advance up the valley, and its visible effects upon the townspeople showed that they were rebel almost *en masse*. A heavy reconnoitering expedition was sent out on Tuesday, consisting of nearly half of King's division, infantry, artillery, and cavalry, and was gone four days. It succeeded in cutting the railroad below Gordonsville, and destroying a large amount of forage. Nearly the whole week was occupied by the army of General Burnside in re-shipping from Aquia, and on Saturday they were ready to march to the relief of General Pope.

Colonel Hoffman had taken command, as before stated, but he had not fully recovered from the fear-

ful struggle that he had had with grim death, and seeing that he could not endure the hardships of the march, General King ordered him to go to Washington and remain until sufficiently recovered to take the field. He reluctantly obeyed, and the command again devolved upon our little Colonel. The men who were not able to endure the expected march were sent by boat and rail to Culpepper.

At six o'clock on the evening of the 10th we set out toward Culpepper, from which direction the noise of battle had occasionally floated to us on the breeze during the day. We made about ten miles toward Orange Court House, on the plank or wilderness road, that evening. This march, though rapid, was quite easy, as the air was cool and the moon shone very brightly. We pressed forward at a very early hour on the following morning, and leaving the plank road took the direction n.w. We forded the Rapidan at Ely's Ford about noon, and at three o'clock halted for dinner. We remained here all night waiting for the remainder of King's division to come up, and encountered at sunset a very heavy thunder-shower. An order was received and preparations made to march in light order, at five P.M., to the support of Pope, who was said to be repulsed, but it was finally modified to hold ourselves in readiness to march as above at a moment's notice.

Many of these minor facts deserve mention, for here commenced the "general" execution of Order No 5, and each reader will be reminded of his own peculiar part in the programme of confiscation. Enough of wagons, horses, mules, oxen, and food had already been captured to render us a very unmilitary-looking army, and the day following did not improve our

appearance. Soldiers are quick to misconstrue an order giving them license in an enemy's country. Everything was appropriated that could be pressed into the service. Some threw away necessary clothing, that they might carry a necessary chicken or necessary turkey.

Colonel Crane, though frowning upon this wholesale theft, still holds to his ground of practical (necessary) confiscation. An incident will illustrate. On the third day when we were out of rations and very hungry, a soldier respectfully informed the Colonel that he (the soldier) was out of meat, and "yonder runs a fine pig." He simply turned in his saddle and replied, "Shoot him!" The pig was soon roasting over the fire.

This march was a severe one for King's division. The days were hot and sultry, and we suffered much for want of water. This region is almost destitute of good water. On the last day we made twenty-two miles. Stephensburg is on this route, and though many miles from Cedar Mountain, it was used as a hospital, and was full.

We arrived near the battle-field about ten o'clock on Monday night. We thought it rough to lie down upon the damp ground with no cover but the starry night, but those were superior advantages when compared with what we have since passed through. The forces were disposed and the line of battle formed at 9 A.M. on the following morning, but it was soon discovered that the enemy had retired, so the wagons were brought up and we were fed, but no meat was obtained. Order No. 5 was again resorted to, and small foraging expeditions secured meat in abundance.

We went forward on the 16th to the foot of Cedar Mountain, and as we remained two days on the battle-field, we had an opportunity to see how the rebels bury their dead. Much care and taste were displayed in burying some, while others were hardly covered with earth. "I saw," says an eye-witness, "the worms crawling from the face of one man, the arm and shoulder of another were drying in the sun, while the feet of another protruded from the grave."

CHAPTER XII.

SULPHUR SPRINGS.

THE following is an extract of the official report of Lieutenant-Colonel N. M. Crane, embracing an account of this fight:

* * * The next morning we proceeded to White Sulphur Springs. As the head of the column arrived in sight, the enemy opened upon us with artillery. The brigade was formed in line of battle, my command to the left of the Springs and to the left of the brigade. I was ordered to advance up a hill into and through a piece of woods, and drive the enemy across the river. I threw forward two companies as skirmishers, Company G, Captain Doty, and Company K, Captain Fowler, and advanced at a double quick, as I was exposed to an enfilading fire from the enemy's batteries. I crossed the field and wood, and halted my battalion under cover of the wood.

In crossing this field, my horse, in attempting to leap a broad ditch, floundered and fell upon me, but the yielding nature of the soil saved my limbs, and I immediately re-mounted and pressed forward.

The two companies of skirmishers advanced about one hundred and fifty yards to the front, coming to the river, but found no rebels on our side; but their skirmishers were just on the other side, and opened fire upon my men, who returned it vigorously. Skirmishing continued for some time and decidedly to our advantage, as a number of the enemy were killed and wounded. We so annoyed the enemy that he placed two pieces "in battery," and opened upon us. At this moment Colonel G. W. Pratt reported to me that he was ordered by General Patrick to my support with his regiment, the Twentieth New York State Militia. The cannonading now became so heavy, and my position was so exposed, that I received orders from General Patrick to fall back about thirty rods to the left and to the shelter of a ravine. I did so, causing the bugle to sound the call, "skirmishers rally on the battalion." The roar of artillery and the crack of rifles prevented my order being heard by Company G, but Company K came in and joined the regiment. The enemy about this

time ceased firing, and finding Company G still at its post and no one injured, I concluded to let them remain over-night and sent forward two companies—Companies I and E—to take position on the right and left of Company G. to prevent any surprise or flank movement. I rode forward in person just at dusk, to see the exact situation of affairs, and found everything in order.

On the following morning we were ordered to join the brigade, about one and one half miles to the rear. The division was now put on the march for Warrenton, my regiment forming the rear-guard.

CHAPTER XIII.

GAINESVILLE.

THIS march was a severe one, and when we halted toward morning about six miles from Gainesville for rest and breakfast, most of the men preferred sleep to food, and dropped down upon the ground and slept. Some sought rest in the sedative of coffee. "Hard tack" was scarce at this time, and many had nothing for breakfast. As high as ten cents a piece was offered for the little "paving stones." A soldier does not sell his food to a comrade—if he can spare it, he always divides. All the extra ammunition was destroyed at this place, and after breakfast we pressed rapidly forward to Gainesville.

While the column was halting for a wagon train to proceed, Captain Sumner Barstow, Company C, was shot in the head by the accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of one of his men. The ball grazed the temple of the orderly sergeant (Bailey), causing the blood to flow.

The oppressive heat and scarcity of water rendered this march difficult and nearly famished the men. We were, however, cheered by the sound of cannon in the direction of Centreville, and the news that we had Jackson surrounded. About the middle of the afternoon the advance of our division was fired upon, and we halted while skirmishers were thrown forward to reconnoiter. No enemy was discovered in force, and

the advance was again taken up. As the sun sank slowly into the west, the enemy again made his appearance near the pike, and the forest to the left seemed to swarm with the gray-backs. With surprising rapidity a battery was flung into position in the open field, and a brigade brought up to its support. The fight soon became general. General Gibbon's brigade made the attack, supported by General Doubleday's command. General Patrick's brigade held the left and were not actively engaged, the Twenty-third the extreme left, and Colonel Crane threw out Companies G and K as skirmishers. This is generally believed to have been a great oversight on the part of General King, for had he brought up General Patrick's and General Hatch's brigades and completed the victory already so gloriously won by the Wisconsin boys, the enemy could easily have been routed, and in all human probability this would have turned the tide of battle on Friday and Saturday.

The battle, which opened so fiercely just at sunset, increased as darkness crept on, and the flame of belching cannon and the steady blaze of musketry shed a lurid and sickly glare over this awful scene of carnage. Three successive times the rebels charged that intrepid line of fire—that living wall of flame—and three successive times they were mown down and driven back. The battle was fearfully obstinate. At last it dwindled to random shots and finally ceased, and silence brooded over the field, broken only by the moans of the wounded and the agonies of the dying. The battle had lasted but one hour and ten minutes, and yet eight hundred men had fallen in Gibbon's brigade.

What shall be said in honor of such men? Who

can face death by the hour, a little band against a swarm? Who could steadily reload their pieces and send death into that swarm, while cannon belched iron hail into their faces? while musketry threw a storm of lead at them? Colonel O'Connor fell a mangled corpse at the head of the column; a lieutenant-colonel was pierced through and through, yet still struggled to cheer his men; the colors of the Seventh fell, and the color-bearer fell upon them, his brains oozing out upon the dear old flag; their officers were taken one by one, and their brave comrades fell around them like sheaves full ripe before the avenging scythe of death, still they did not falter. Eight hundred brave men bit the dust in seventy minutes, and had the enemy continued to fight, they would have held the ground to the last man.

General Patrick now brought up his brigade to relieve this weary and decimated band, but too late to participate—the fight had ceased. We held the field till the wounded were cared for—till about three o'clock in the morning, then set out for Manassas Plains, where General King had been ordered to report. Ten long miles lay before us; we had had no sleep for two days and nights, except what we could catch while on the march and on the battle-field amid the dead and dying, and hunger had seized upon our stomachs with sharp pangs.

CHAPTER XIV.

BULL RUN—SECOND FRIDAY.

A SLIGHT rain had occasioned some delay to the train. At each halt many would lie down exhausted, and in spite of all efforts fall asleep. Some would throw themselves upon the ground and declare "that they would rather die than attempt to go farther." It requires a strong heart and resolute will to keep pace under such difficulties. Many drank from muddy ruts of the road. Rain on the skin could not quench the burning thirst engendered by the fierce hardships, exposure, and lack of sufficient and proper food.

The day was somewhat advanced when the weary column of King's division filed out upon Manassas Plain, near the fortifications, and stacked arms for rest. Rations had been promised, but the trains had been destroyed. By a special effort General Patrick succeeded in procuring a present supply, but no good water could be obtained.

Syke's brigade of regulars passed us about this time on their way to the battle-field. They had hardly trailed past when General Patrick, in his own peculiar way, rode rapidly up and cried out:

"PREPARE TO MARCH!"

In an instant every man was buckling on his gear, and any unlucky chap who did not seem in a hurry was soon quickened by the words of the General:

"RAPIDLY! MY MEN! RAPIDLY!"

We were soon in line, and General Patrick addressed us in these words:

"My men, we return to the battle-ground of last night. You fight in good company. You follow the regulars. They're my old companions in arms. You fight well. I've no fault to find. Keep well closed up, and prompt to obey orders. Colonel Rogers, lead off by the right flank."

We had gone forward but about three miles, when General McDowell met the column and turned it to the right toward Bull Run. Here was work. King's division held the left till night approached. The enemy had been driven from the center, and this advantage must be held. The brigades of Hatch and Doubleday had attempted to hold this position, and the First New Hampshire battery had been driven from the field with the loss of one gun and several battery men.

General Patrick now came up, and crossing the run at double quick, took possession of the disputed hill. He attempted a hazardous advance—the second hill. It was now very dark. The battery was in support. We had no sooner reached the brow of the opposite hill than the enemy opened upon the skirmishers from the corn-field. The Thirty-fifth were in front on the left, the Twenty-third thirty paces to the rear of the Thirty-fifth. At this moment a squadron of the Harris Light Cavalry charged a body of rebels along the turnpike. Only five of that squadron went through alive, and these were taken prisoners.

They now poured a sharp volley into our ranks, but with little effect. They were so near that their orders could be distinctly heard. Much to our surprise they seemed to be retiring from our front, while they were

discovered on our left flank in force along the pike, protected by a ditch. This was a critical position; the enemy, beyond a doubt, were endeavoring to ensnare us.

We retired slowly toward the former position; Company K was deployed as skirmishers. Here commenced a *mêlée* in the darkness. We had encountered the enemy in the ditch, and mixed up. Several were wounded; among the number Lieutenant Bovier, of General Patrick's staff, shot through the breast. Several of the enemy were taken prisoners. Three from the left wing of Company K were captured by the enemy—Sergeant Howes and Privates Beckwith and Grady. Several barely escaped.

It was amusing as well as terrible. In the utter darkness neither friend nor foe could be recognized. If foes encountered, the following dialogue would ensue:

“Who be you?”

“Who be *you*?”

“Who be *you*?”

The unfortunate fellow who first betrayed his stripes was immediately taken prisoner.

During the clamor of battle the men could keep their eyes open, but when it ceased, sleep overpowered them, and when not moving they were asleep. Even the picket, crouching upon his knees, within thirty yards of the prowling enemy, lying beside the dead, and listening to the moans and cries of the dying for water, would fall heavily upon his face asleep, and then arouse to the duty of guarding the sleepers. The following is a part of Colonel Crane's official report of the fight:

“I learned from a report from the pickets that the rebel pickets were about thirty yards in front of mine, so near

that my men could hear them talk, and now and then they would fire at us. Lieutenant Sullivan came in and reported to me that his men were so nearly worn out that he could not keep them awake. They would fall asleep in spite of all efforts to keep awake. I at once gave orders to Lieutenant Hiram Smith to take a part of Company E and relieve Company K. He did so, but his men were in about the same condition. Feeling that I had made all the necessary arrangements to prevent a surprise, I sat down near some prisoners my men had taken, and amused myself by asking questions, that I might obtain some valuable information, and fearing to fall asleep. At last I could keep awake no longer, and as all was quiet I lay down about four A.M. and slept till daybreak."

CHAPTER XV.

BULL RUN—SECOND SATURDAY.

THE second battle of Bull Run was not an affair of numbers—it was a battle of forces, and its result involved a mistake. The force of mind overbalanced that of matter—Lee over Pope; the force of velocity over inertia—Lee hurled the ponderous force of his army against the vulnerable point; the force of strategy over calculation—Lee concealed his forces and led Pope into that yawning gulf of cannon.

The great mistake was want of confidence. Victory hinged on that. Confidence would have brought Porter promptly to the support. Confidence in his men would have kept Pope in possession of the field rather than attack. (See Pope's official report.) Confidence in Pope would have made a wall of our troops, an impassable and terrible wall—a wall of fire. They were kept in utter ignorance of everything but their own terrible sufferings. They would have ignored numbers. They would have scorned life. They would have welcomed death. They would have faced the combined armies to the last man, with the simple knowledge that to do this was victory. Witness—Antietam under McClellan.

The part that a regiment or brigade or division performs in a battle involves in part the description of the battle. Of what does the description of a battle consist? Is it the arrangement of forces? King's division,

after several charges, found its proper niche—the advance. Is it the plan of battle? That varies with success. Is it an account of the fallen, the heaps of slain, the shock of conflict when the two mighty waves come surging on, foaming, and fretting, and dashing, and at last the wild wail and shriek of the concussion, as it leaps heavenward, and the fiercer, madder wave sweeps victoriously over the conquered? Does it tell of deeds of valor, when a brave and gallant leader at the head of his column cheers them on, and that column marches calmly determined into the jaws of death, when that sublime courage that knows no faltering possesses the officer, the private, ALL?

There were glorious deeds on that disastrous field—deeds that have immortalized those great brave hearts. But lack of confidence undermined the great wall of defense, otherwise they could never have been battered down.

Colonel Crane led the usual number of the Twenty-third that reported for duty into this fight—about 225 in line. This last clause will apply to nearly all the regiments in the division. General Hatch's and General Gibbon's brigades took the advance, two battalions front, two columns deep—immediately following and supporting these, General Patrick's and General Doubleday's brigades. The Second Berdan Sharpshooters were deployed as skirmishers. A narrow belt of wood screened the forces of the enemy. A field half a mile in width spread away to the wood, beyond this a field forty rods to the railroad. The rebel skirmishers occupied this wood. The enemy were discovered in position along the railroad and beyond. To dislodge them was the evident intention.

At two o'clock P.M. the advance commenced, and

the enemy retired slowly and obstinately. The wood was gained. On reaching the open field across which ran the sunken ditch or grade, rebel batteries, six in number, open from the right, left, and front. These had position on the slope sufficiently elevated to allow the infantry in the ditch to pour in their volleys of musketry with terrible effect. It seemed madness to attempt this array of musketry and cannon, so admirably posted as to sweep the whole plain at every volley. Nothing could long survive such a storm of iron and lead. The attempt would have seemed rational and success certain with troops enough to follow in the wake of the regiments swept away; but these were wanting, whether from a lack of knowledge of the enemy's force or of forethought, is not known.

The attempt was made. The Twenty-second and Thirtieth New York had no sooner debouched from the wood than they were stunned by a volley from the ditch. The batteries, which had been throwing shell and solid shot into the woods, now threw grape and canister. The shattered ranks closed up and pressed upon the ditch. The advance, led by the gallant major of the Twenty-second, rushed madly upon the ditch; but they were swept away so rapidly that but few reached a hand-to-hand conflict, and they were soon dispatched or taken prisoners. The major fell a mangled corpse in front of the ditch, while his horse rushed into the rebel ranks. Regiment after regiment was thus swallowed up till nearly half of King's division was destroyed.

In the mean time the enemy had massed his forces on the left center. Porter's corps, now so hotly pressed, gave way in confusion. It was folly to hold ground when the enemy were flanking upon the left and would

soon surround the entire division. Hatch's brigade had been driven back. The Twentieth and Twenty-first New York had attempted the field, but could not hold it, and now the Thirty-fifth and Twenty-third New York held the woods. We had been ordered out; but in the confusion the order was mistaken, and we remained for some time—but the order was again given, and the two regiments retired in perfect order.

We had no sooner gained the cover of our batteries than a brigade of gray-backs defiled from the woods, and forming in line of battle very rapidly, prepared to charge the batteries. The cannon were filled with grape and canister. The Seventh Wisconsin and Nineteenth Indiana, who were not engaged in the woods, had lain down in rear of the guns. All was silent until the brigade in perfect line had advanced half way across the field, when in an instant cannon and musketry flamed and sent death at them. A remnant of the brigade ran for the woods; but another volley tumbled them headlong as they ran.

We give an extract from Colonel Crane's official report:

"This morning (August 30th), after giving time to get coffee, the brigade changed positions two or three times to different parts of the field. No enemy in force was discovered, notwithstanding our batteries kept throwing shell into the woods to draw them out or bring forth a response; but all continued silent.

"About two P.M. our division was placed under command of Fitz-John Porter, and with his corps ordered to advance. It was the prevailing opinion that the enemy had retired, having been defeated on the previous day.

"We advanced, King's division having the right and

forming four lines of battle. My regiment was the third line of the division. (General Hatch was now in command, General King having been relieved for the affair at Gainesville on the 28th.) We now moved forward to a thick wood. Here the skirmishers commenced firing, and soon the advanced lines opened with terrific volleys of musketry. We pushed on. Soon the bullets flew around us as thick as hail. Now commenced in earnest the final battle of Bull Run. The enemy's artillery opened upon us with shot and shell, and this with their musketry made a storm of their fire. Our artillery in rear of the woods could give us no support.

"Thus the battle raged for about one and one-half hours, until our front lines were broken and the dead and wounded lay in heaps. The enemy lay behind a railroad embankment, and so well protected that our men charged in vain upon them, sometimes upon the ditch, and fought hand-to-hand. Sykes' brigade of regulars on our left was forced back, our two front lines were decimated and broken, and our (Patrick's) brigade badly cut to pieces. Colonel Pratt, of the Twentieth New York State Militia, was killed, and the regiment scattered and demoralized. The Twenty-first was used up, and the left wing of the Thirty-fifth decimated. These had all left the field and fallen back.

"I had heard no orders to retire, and remained in the woods some little time, my regiment being almost alone. I finally gave the orders to retire (right of companies to the rear), and did so in as perfect order as on battalion drill. (In this action I lost a number of men and officers wounded, but only a few killed. Providence has thus far seemed to favor us.)

"On emerging from the woods I met General Pat-

rick, and saw at once that the battle was going against us, as the enemy had turned our left, and the fighting was terrific of musketry and artillery on that part of the field. Our brigade was got together (what was left), and we took a position in rear of a battery, and the men ordered to lie down.

"We lay in this position about half an hour, then were ordered toward the rear and left. As we moved over the field the enemy continued to throw shot and shell at us; but fortunately none of my regiment were hit. As we came out upon the pike, General McDowell rode up, his horse all covered with foam and dust, and he himself looking nearly exhausted with fatigue and excitement, and ordered us toward Centreville. We continued the march, and soon learned that the army were on the retreat to Washington.

"We arrived at Centreville about ten P.M., worn out and exhausted. We lay down upon the ground so completely tired that we did not mind the rain that commenced, but slept soundly till morning and wet to the skin.

"As I awoke in the morning and realized the situation of affairs, and that we had left our dead and wounded in the hands of the enemy, thoughts of the sufferings of those noble heroes left behind with no comrades near to staunch the bleeding wound—who must lay perhaps for days (as they did) without food—to give life or water to quench their burning thirst, thus to suffer a thousand deaths, the thought was agonizing in the extreme, and I could not keep back the blinding tears, and it filled my heart too full for utterance. Thank God! none of my regiment were left behind.

"Then, again, our country! Our army in full retreat, hotly pressed on our flank and rear by a strong

and merciless foe flushed with victory, within thirty miles of our capital, and confidence in our generals lost, this was enough to demoralize the entire army. No recollections of my short life could bring up an hour of such utter dejection and despondency. I felt as though all was lost.

"It was about nine A.M. when we received the news that General McClellan was again in command of the army of the Potomac. The effect was wonderful and thrilling. For miles along the lines of that battle-shattered and disheartened army cheer upon cheer rent the air, and the sound swelled and rolled along like a wave. Officers sprang into their saddles with a bound, soldiers grasped their muskets with eagerness and sprang to their places in the ranks, and at the order forward, all moved as if invigorated with renewed life. We all felt that we were again a host, and could and would save our capital and country.

"We marched on toward Fairfax two or three miles and halted near the road. About five P.M. my regiment and the Twenty-first New York were ordered to proceed to Fairfax, for the purpose of guarding a wagon-train to that place. We did so, and when within about one mile of our destination the enemy attacked the train, but only succeeded in killing one mule, and then retired, satisfied that the experiment would not prove profitable. It commenced raining, and we concluded to remain all night at Fairfax.

"The next morning we commenced our return toward Centreville, and had proceeded about two and a half miles when we met the balance of the brigade, and countermarched. About this time we learned that the enemy were about to make an attack at a point near Chantilly. Our brigade was moved in that direction,

and the Thirty-fifth, Twenty-first, and Twenty-third were placed in an old rebel rifle-pit to protect the right of our line of battle. About sundown the enemy attacked our left, and the battle lasted till about nine P.M. The firing of musketry and artillery was incessant, and this, with the terrific thunder and lightning, rendered the scene grand and terrible. The enemy were repulsed with considerable loss. We remained here until the following afternoon, when we were ordered to march for Upton's Hill. We set out immediately, and reached that place about midnight."

Thus ended the disgraceful campaign that cost our country mines of treasure, vast stores of equipment and armament, depreciated our currency, laid open the capital to the mercy of a relentless and victorious foe; that killed some of our best generals; that demoralized the army; that set the prowling dogs of intervention howling on our track; that waked up the torpid copper-heads, the slimy vomitings of pandemonium, to poison our national life, to bite at and breathe pollution upon us; and that, more and above all these, strewed the desolated plains of Virginia, from the Rapidan to Slaughter Mountain, to the very gates of the capital, with thousands and tens of thousands of the brave and gallant defenders of freedom, heroes, patriots, whose lives were as dear as the apple of the eye to many a deserted home circle. Their bones are bleaching in the hot Southern sun, and on the "sacred soil," whose sterile plains are one vast charnel-house. The anxious hearts that watch and wait for the return of the loved ones must watch and wait in vain—for

Silent they lie on the broad path of glory,

Where withers ungarnered the red crop of war;

Grand is their couch, though the pillows are gory,

'Mid forms that shall battle, 'mid guns that shall rattle no more.

We are permitted to publish the following letter, written to a friend by one of the Twenty-third who was taken prisoner at Bull Run, having been detached for service in the First New Hampshire battery, and who was waiting his exchange papers at Columbus, Ohio. This truthful and thrilling story has the peculiar merit of being told without any attempt at display, but as a simple interchange of friendly feeling and interest. It will serve to bring to the mind of each member of the regiment his own part in the perils of that battle.

COLUMBUS, O., *September 21st, 1862.*

“DEAR FRIEND: Thinking that perhaps you might like to know that I am still in the land of the living, and being myself anxious to know what has befallen you amid the turmoil of the last few weeks, I take this method of opening communication with you, though I fear the answer will contain sad news. To tell who is living and who dead in these times is indeed difficult; but I am happy to tell you (as you doubtless mistrust ere you have read thus far) that I am all right, and I earnestly hope that you also are in the same condition. The most that I dare hope for you is, that you are alive and able to tote your knapsack through the day, that you are not aroused more than three times a night to receive the rebs who have no intention of visiting you, and that your teeth are in proper order to consume your ration of Uncle Sam’s pies. Happiness beyond this is not to be expected in the army.

“I am at present situated in one of the most pleasant spots in this good State of Ohio, am living on the top shelf, enjoying the pleasures of civilization. Were I to tell you of my very kind and agreeable friends, Mr. and Mrs. Crawford, whose hospitality I am sharing, of

their splendid residence, and of my pleasant room in it, of apples, peaches, pears, cider, and high living generally, it might make you discontented. To tantalize you with accounts of oyster-suppers, dances, rides, and visits with the fair ones of Columbus, would be the last degree of cruelty. I sometimes wish the rebs had left me in Virginia, when I think of leaving all this and returning to the army, as I shall probably do very soon; then some evening, as we sit beside the camp-fire, I will spin out the particulars of my sojourn here.

"Perhaps you would like to know something of my adventures before reaching Ohio. My experience in Rebeldom and journey thence were not very agreeable.

"We went into the fight, I suppose, about the time that you did. We kept the Gainesville turnpike till we crossed the brook, and passed a little old house on the left of the road and on the side of a hill. On the top of this hill we went into battery under a pretty sharp fire. Doubleday's brigade went in on our left. The rebel fire continued to increase till it became a perfect storm. The infantry had scarcely formed when they broke and went down the hill pell-mell. They made a partial rally at the foot, and again commenced the ascent, but had not reached the top when they gave way a second time, and that is the last I have seen of them. In the mean time we kept up our thunder to the best of our ability. While our canister lasted we swept them off terribly; but we had only ten rounds to the gun, as the caissons were left in the rear. After canister was played out they had a decided advantage of us, as they were so near that we could do nothing with shell and shrapnell. They came on, howling in the most approved secesh style, I

should judge—at least I never heard such noises from human beings. Our men who had fallen back were pouring their fire into us, and the rebs were doing likewise; in short, things were getting pretty badly mixed. They were soon upon us. By the aid of darkness all the guns managed to get off but one, which had recoiled into a gutter, so that we could not limber up in the short time allowed us. The first that I knew of the actual presence of the rebs, one who was foremost in the charge came up to me with his bayonet pointed for my breast and very fiercely demanded:

“ ‘What regiment do you belong to?’

“I was in my shirt-sleeves, and had on a citizen’s hat, so he could not tell whether I was Secesh or Yankee. I answered him in genuine Yankee style by asking:

“ ‘What regiment do you belong to?’

“ ‘Fourth Alabama!’ said he.

“I left him without further conversation, thinking that I could get to our men. I don’t know whether the fellow shot at me or not, as there were so many bullets hissing around. When I reached the brook I saw that a whole regiment of rebs had crossed before me. To go through them and to our army, when both were firing, was too much of an undertaking for me, so I sat down and concluded to take it cool. It was not many minutes before a reb came along and asked:

“ ‘Are you wounded?’

“ ‘Not very bad!’ I said.

“ ‘What regiment do you belong to?’ he asked.

“ ‘First New Hampshire battery!’ I said, thinking it no longer of use to play off.

“ ‘Get up and come along, then!’ said he, adding a few oaths by way of emphasis. I stood up.

“ ‘Have you got any weapons about you?’ he asked.

“ ‘No!’ I answered.

“ ‘Any knives?’

“ ‘No!’

“ ‘Anything in your pockets?’

“ ‘No!’

“About this time he very unceremoniously took my hat off my head, putting his in its place, saying, ‘he reckoned he’d trade hats with me.’ As we approached his regiment he began to halloo to his comrades very exultingly, saying that he had got one of the d——d Yankees who had been shooting at them. He took me to his captain, telling him that he had captured a d——d Yankee.

“ ‘I don’t want him! d——n him! kill him!’ said the captain.

“They d——d me off in grand style. The fellow drew back his gun ready to pierce me, and I really began to think that they did mean to kill me. Finally the captain said:

“ ‘Somebody take him to the rear!’

“A fellow who was standing by said his gun was so dirty that he could do nothing with it, and he would take me. So we started for the rear. The firing had ceased for a few minutes, but it commenced again with redoubled fury. After a short talk with the chap who was taking me to the rear, we were both very much surprised to find that we were old acquaintances. I had known him several years ago in Huntsville, Ala. Although a strange meeting for friends, we were friends nevertheless. As soon as we were out of reach of bullets we sat down and had a long talk of old times, the people of Huntsville, war, politics, etc., etc. Among other interesting items, he told me that all my lady ac-

quaintances of that place were married, and that my favorite one had been the cause of a shooting affair between two gentlemen, in which one was killed. The conqueror, of course, won the prize. To say the least, I am happy that I am not in the place of the one who was killed.

"After talking over matters of most interest we found that it was getting late in the evening, and I was beginning to shiver with cold. All had become quiet in front, so my friend (Allison) suggested that if we should go back to the battle-field, I could pick up a blanket, which I very much needed, as all my clothing was on the limber of the gun, which I could not get to then. We went back to the field, and I was not long in finding a blanket. It is no use to tell you of the sights we saw there, of dead, dying, and mangled men. My friend's comrade had been killed by our cannon, and he was feeling very sad. What a war! friends, and even brothers, are killing each other.

"Allison said he must see his captain before going back with me (he had agreed to stay with me that night), but said he did not wish to take me to the front, as they might commence firing again. I told him that I would go with him. We found his regiment lying down on the next hill beyond the brook with guns all ready for something to come over the hill. I found a whole company from Huntsville, and had quite a talk with them. They were very much elated with their success, and were sure of having Washington in a few days. Allison had a talk with his captain, and we started to the rear again. After traveling about three miles we came to where a squad of prisoners were sleeping under guard. Here we lay down and slept till morning. On awaking, I found our cap-

tain and eight of the battery boys in the squad. Allison said that he must go to his regiment—so we shook hands, hoping, if we ever met again, it would not be with weapons in our hands trying to kill each other.

“That morning we were marched to Gainesville, where we were kept till the next Monday at noon (this was Saturday). They gave us nothing to eat, for the very good reason that they had nothing to give. But they treated us kindly. They seemed to be a band of brothers, all striving for the same object and all in earnest—a great deal more so than our army. They were badly clothed and scantily fed, yet there was no complaining. On Sunday, three hundred out of our crowd started on their march for Harper’s Ferry. Monday, at noon, the rest of us (1,200) commenced our march for the Point of Rocks, where we arrived the next Wednesday.

“No one can appreciate our experience at Gainesville, or our march from there, till they have been through something similar. We went into the fight on Friday night hungry and worn out—from then till Monday they gave us nothing to eat. On our march to the Point of Rocks we lived on green corn. Most of the boys had no blanket, and some, like myself, had no jacket. We lay out in all the storms which succeeded the battle, in that condition without the protection of tents. At the Point of Rocks, an Ohio regiment, which was stationed there, turned over to us all their rations, and the cheering, patriotic words and noble conduct of their colonel did us almost as much good as the eatables. It was indeed pleasing to see the stars and stripes again, and to be among friends.

“From the Point of Rocks we went on the Baltimore and Ohio road to Cumberland, where we staid

about a week, and were treated with much kindness by the inhabitants. From there we went through by rail to Columbus. No soldier in that party will ever cease to be grateful to the Ohio ladies for their kindness as we passed through their villages. Most of us had no money—in fact, we needed none. At all the places where the train stopped for any length of time, hundreds of ladies would be on the platforms with baskets of eatables, smiles, and cheering words for us. I heard many a ‘God bless them!’ come from the roughest of characters, showing that a soft spot somewhere under their jackets had been touched.

“But I have spun this out too long already. Hoping that I shall very soon hear that you are all right, I remain your friend and comrade,
T. C. S.”

CHAPTER XVI.

MARYLAND CAMPAIGN.

FOUR days of comparative rest were allowed us on Upton Hill, and abundant rations supplied. For two weeks we had been nearly famished, and we surfeited in the midst of such plenty. The result proved serious to health and added to the prostration of the physical system. Very few in the entire regiment were able to do duty, and many were dangerously ill. This is true of officers and men. Dr. Madill, though himself sick, gave his untiring energies to the relief of the men.

On the second day the enemy had reached the vicinity of Falls Church, and threatened that post. It was held by a small detachment of infantry and the Sixth regular cavalry. General Patrick moved immediately to Falls Church with the Twenty-first and Twenty-third New York, and met on the road the cavalry, retiring. The enemy had thrown a few shell toward the camp of this cavalry, whereupon they immediately set fire to a large amount of Government stores and started pell-mell for Washington. This shameful act excels in pusillanimity the exploits of the famous "William Brown" and the "Mackerel Brigade."

An amusing incident occurred here. It was twilight when the column reached the church. A videt came rushing up and informed the General that the rebel cavalry were advancing upon him. He imme-

diately ordered "Column against cavalry," which was performed in a twinkling, as every one was taken by surprise, and the muskets were loaded much more rapidly than usual, but without confusion. The Twenty-first took the field to the left, while the Twenty-third filled the road with four main columns, four files deep, and with fixed bayonets awaited with calm determination the advancing foe. They came steadily forward, and when within hearing, General Patrick hailed them. The commander of the infantry (for it proved to be that) came forward and greeted the General, who thus replied: "Well, Colonel ———, is it you? We were prepared to give you a warm reception." And indeed the bristling bayonets did look rather threatening. We returned to camp on the following morning.

During this delay the rebel army had marched into Maryland, crossing at Point of Rocks, prepared for a grand raid into Pennsylvania. General McClellan now had command of the army. General Patrick received orders to march at eleven P.M. on Saturday night. The condition of the men at this time was pitiful, but cheered by the reinstatement of their idolized commander, and the prospect of driving the invading army from Maryland, hundreds who could but just drag their bodies along mustered all their remaining strength for the march. Some who attempted it could not proceed, and were left behind. At daylight on Sunday morning we passed through Washington and took the direction north.

Seven days were consumed in passing through Maryland to the south bank of the Monocacy, opposite Frederick City. The march was rapid but steady, and the troops allowed time to sleep. The route lay from

Washington direct through Mechanicsville to New Lisbon, on the Baltimore and Frederick City turnpike, and thus up the pike to the latter place. Colonel Hoffman joined us on this march, though he did not take command until the 14th. He was still pale and haggard, and had come out against the advice of his physician.

Early on the morning of the 14th the entire army took up the advance toward South Mountain, and soon every avenue across Middletown valley swarmed with the Union troops, all eager for victory. The people of Frederick greeted us with the wildest enthusiasm. The town had evidently suffered much from the marauding rebel horde. We halted near Middletown for dinner, then pressed on to the foot of the mountain, which we reached about three o'clock P.M., then turned to the right of the pike, and formed in line of battle near the stone church. We have not time nor space for a lengthened description of this fight, but will subjoin the official report of Colonel Hoffman.

HEADQUARTERS TWENTY-THIRD REGIMENT, NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS, }
NEAR SHARPSBURG, MD., *September 20th, 1862.*

BRIG.-GEN. M. R. PATRICK : In compliance with orders, I respectfully submit the following report of the part taken by my command in the engagement at "South Mountain," near Middletown, Washington County, Md., on Sunday the 14th day of September, 1862 :

We left Frederick with the brigade about eight o'clock A.M., and proceeded on the old government turnpike through the village of Middletown to near the foot of South Mountain, where we rested one hour for refreshments, and again moved forward with the brigade to the right of the turnpike and along the foot of the mountain. Under cover of a hill and out of range of the enemy's guns then in position on the top of the mountain, a distance of about half a mile. At this point we were ordered to support the Thirty-fifth Regiment New York Volunteers, whose entire line was thrown forward as skirmishers and ascending the hill, their left resting on the turnpike, and extending to the right a full half mile.

We advanced in line of battle in close sustaining distance of the skirmishers about half way up the mountain side to a lane, where we unslung knapsacks which had become cumbersome, owing to the rough and rocky plowed fields over which we had passed and the fences we had climbed.

From this point we marched obliquely to the left until our left rested within about three hundred yards of the gorge in the mountain through which the old government turnpike passes, and advanced with the skirmishers in this position until nearly to the top of the mountain and into the woods where we halted and remained in position about fifteen minutes, when I moved my right wing, by your order, one fourth of a mile to the right in support of the right wing of the line of skirmishers of the Thirty-fifth, leaving the left wing in command of Lieutenant-Colonel N. M. Crane.

On arriving at the right I found Hatch's brigade, under command of Colonel Phelps, advancing in line of battle immediately behind me and in supporting distance of the line of skirmishers, whereupon I immediately, and without orders, moved my right wing back to join my left, knowing that flank to be but feebly supported.

We then advanced in line following the skirmishers in an oblique direction to the right along the slope of the mountain, over a very rocky bottom, our left all the time at from two hundred to four hundred yards from the turnpike and near the cleared field, until the main line had reached the top of the mountain, and was engaged on the right, when by your order we moved by the right flank up the side of the gorge to the support of the left of the line of Hatch's brigade, which by this time (dark) had become hotly engaged with the enemy's infantry.

We remained in this position fifteen minutes, by which time it had become quite dark, and were then ordered by you into a position in the line of fire, which had grown very weak and was likely to give way, when we advanced to the fence and opened fire through the cornfield upon the enemy.

After delivering our fire of about twelve rounds, the enemy's fire nearly ceased, and we were ordered to cease firing, which we did, and corrected our alignment about three yards back of the fence, when we were ordered by you to move off the field with you and a portion of the Thirty-fifth which had been assembled at that point. At this time it was very dark and everything in confusion, and upon starting from the field the enemy opened a brisk fire again. We were now ordered, by an aid of General Doubleday, to advance again to the fence.

We did so, and commenced firing, but after delivering a few rounds were again ordered to cease firing, which we did, and undertook to

form a line again, when a brigade came up in the darkness hooting and yelling, running over everybody and throwing everything into even worse confusion than before. It finally terminated in a general mob, rendering it impossible for any line to be kept in order.

The enemy's fire had however ceased, and after an hour and a half, when the battle had been won and all was quiet, I assorted my command from the jam, rallied it on the colors, and we groped our way back to the place where we had left our knapsacks on the hillside, arriving at about eleven o'clock P.M. Here we found the Thirty-fifth Regiment going into camp for the night. All the men were found present at reveille the next morning, except those disabled in the action.

In this engagement the officers and men of my command behaved in a manner highly creditable to themselves. No straggling was discovered after starting for the battle-field. Next morning (September 15th) we rendezvoused with the brigade at the turnpike, and we proceeded with it toward Boonsboro.

In this action we had but nine companies (Company C being on duty at division headquarters), consisting of three field, one staff, and fifteen line officers, and one hundred and eighty-three enlisted men.

H. C. HOFFMAN, Colonel Commanding.

On the morning of the 15th it was ascertained that the enemy had fled precipitately, leaving his dead and wounded on the field to be cared for as fortune favored them. They were being hotly pursued by our cavalry, closely supported by infantry in light order. Early in the day we prepared to follow, and passing through the Gap and Boonsboro, bivouacked one mile east of Keedysville.

HEADQUARTERS TWENTY-THIRD REGIMENT, N. Y. V., NEAR }
SHARPSBURG, MD., Sept. 20, 1862. }

BRIGADIER-GENERAL M. R. PATRICK :

I hereby respectfully submit the following report of the part taken by my command in the battle of Sharpsburg, or Antietam, fought September 17th, 1862.

After the battle of South Mountain, near Middletown, Maryland, fought on Sunday evening, September 14th, 1862, we marched with the brigade, on the morning of the 15th of September, to a point near Keedysville and encamped for the night.

We proceeded next morning (Sept. 16) to a point near Sharpsburg,

and occupied the day in changing position from one point on the field to another, until almost evening, when we were marched across the Antietam Creek, and took up our position amid a tremendous fire of artillery from the enemy on the extreme right of the entire army. By this time it was dark, and we lay on our arms all night.

At early dawn on the morning of the 17th the enemy opened a fire of artillery on us, under which we lay for about three quarters of an hour, when we were moved with the rest of the brigade to the left about half a mile and in range of the enemy's guns to the support, as I understood, of General Gibbon's brigade, which was at that time hotly engaged with the enemy's forces both with artillery and small-arms and advanced up in the rear of Campbell's battery, and from thence moved to the right by a flank movement, and halted in the edge of the woods, the left of the column resting on the turnpike leading to Sharpsburg. Here I was ordered to move with my command to the right of the line to reconnoiter and watch the movement of a large body of the enemy who were reported to be gaining our right flank and rear, but had proceeded only a short distance when the order was countermanded, and I was sent back to join the brigade, by order of General Doubleday, a regiment having been detached from another brigade to perform the duty assigned to my command.

We then marched back by the left flank at double quick, and joined our brigade just in time to advance with it to the ledge of rocks on the right and in front of Campbell's regular battery, and opened fire on the flank column of the enemy which was advancing through the cornfield and on the battery, driving them back in great haste and with much slaughter.

We, with the brigade, advanced after the fleeing rebels across the clover field to the turnpike and remained there a short time delivering a heavy fire into the enemy, when suddenly the discovery was made that our brigade was flanked on the right by the enemy in large force, and by your direction we fell back in perfect order to the ledge of rocks, where we halted and stopped the advancing foe.

By this time our ammunition had nearly given out, and upon reinforcements coming up we fell back a short distance behind a rise of ground, stacked arms, and were preparing to make coffee, when a rebel battery, suddenly brought into position on our right, opened fire and was getting range on us. We then moved forward into the woods and lay under a heavy fire of artillery about half an hour, when three lines of our infantry, said to be Sedgwick's division, entered the woods on our left, but were soon driven back in great disorder, making much confusion among all troops in that vicinity; but I succeeded in keeping the ranks in order and moving up to the ledge of rocks before men-

tioned, where it was impossible to deliver a fire without endangering our own fleeing men.

At the same time the enemy poured a brisk fire into our right flank and rear, when we were ordered by you to return, which was done in such perfect order as to elicit the notice and highly complimentary and flattering remarks of Brigadier-General Howard, in addressing his own flying men whom he was nobly but vainly attempting to rally.

That brave officer pointed to us as an example for the disorganized, saying as he did so : "*Men ! that is the way to leave a field. That regiment are acting like soldiers ! Do as they do, men, and we will drive them back again in ten minutes.*"

We retired to the edge of the woods, immediately back of the point where Campbell's battery was situated, and formed with the rest of the brigade along the fence, and succeeded with the assistance of other troops, who were rallied in our rear and on our right, in presenting such a front as to intimidate the enemy from any farther advance. After remaining in this position until order was again restored, we were relieved by other troops, and were moved off to the rear, replenished our ammunition, and lay in support of the regular line of batteries until night.

There was no infantry fight on our front after we left the field. We had but eight companies in this battle, Company C having been detached some days previous for duty at division headquarters, and being with the train, and Company B being on picket duty on the right and in front of our position in the morning and on the night before.

The officers and men of my command who went into the action behaved most admirably, never deranging their alignment during the surgings backward and forward of the lines, obeying with promptitude every order, and all the time remaining firm, steady, and never moving until they had received the full order.

Their conduct was all that I could wish. We had one field, one staff, thirteen line officers, and 223 enlisted men. Our casualties were four killed and thirty-five wounded.

H. C. HOFFMAN, Colonel Commanding.

Much to the disappointment and chagrin of the troops, on the morning of the 19th it was discovered that the enemy had retreated, leaving dead and wounded as before. Our cavalry was pursuing them. The army advanced about noon, and we crossed the field of slaughter. It was a sickening, loathsome sight—a sight that paled the cheeks of men strong of heart and nerve

—a sight never to be forgotten. Rebel and Union lay mingled in heaps in this charnel-house, only the rebels had left more of their braves on the field. Is it bravery for a rebel to rush thus madly into death? Yes; but it is tinged largely with desperation. The rebel wins all, loses all. The Union soldier wins glory.

The topography of this field is too well known to need comment. Every one will remember the natural fortifications which the rebels strengthened with rails. Also the large number of wounded found at houses and on the field. General Doubleday's division encamped in a beautiful oak grove and remained about one week, when it moved about three fourths of a mile down the river and encamped. This was a very pleasant encampment, being finely situated and having an abundant supply of fresh water. The Potomac is narrow here, but owing to its rocky, uncertain bed, it is fordable only at long intervals.

While here, many of the sick and wounded from the campaign under Pope returned, and Captain Cole, of Company B, with a squad of recruits, swelled our number very perceptibly. President Lincoln, accompanied by General McClellan, reviewed this part of the army on the evening of the 3d of October, after they had waited two days in line for him.

NEAR SHARPSBURG, MD., Oct. 3, 1862.

MESSRS. EDITORS: * * * Preparations have been made in every department for putting the army on a war footing again, and everything now indicates a speedy move and a return to life on the field of action. This morning two days' rations were ordered to be kept in haversacks, and we expect to march somewhere to-morrow morning. Supply trains are ordered to be well stocked immediately.

Our wounded men, as well as those of the rebel army, left on this side of the Potomac, are still suffering, recovering, and dying in hospitals far and near. Dr. Madill received his commission as surgeon be-

fore we left Cedar Mountain—a merited promotion, as he had always discharged most of the duties pertaining to the whole department, while only an assistant-surgeon. He has been the only surgeon with our regiment until Saturday last, when our new assistant-surgeon, Dr. Stillwell, arrived.

Charles Tice, of Company F, and John Palmatier, of Company E, died last week of wounds received at Antietam. George C. Ames, of Company I, wounded at the same time, can not long survive, if now living.

* * * Last Thursday evening the order to “fall in” immediately in “light marching order” was resounded hereabouts. Not an officer or man knew the cause for it, but we were very soon in motion, as we supposed for an interview with the enemy somewhere on this front, but soon ascertained that “Hooker’s dirty, fighting First Army Corps” were to be massed in a big field for the purpose of being shown up to McClellan and Old Abe.

General Patrick commanded this division on the occasion, and we lay around waiting and snuffing foul air till ordered back to quarters, long after dark, without having seen our Commander-in-chief. Next morning the corps marched to the same place for the same purpose. The heat was oppressive, the field dusty, and we lounged, perspired, and inhaled the effluvia of dead horses and other decaying matter on the late battle-field, until half-past three o’clock, when McClellan and staff, accompanied by the Chief Magistrate, arrived on the ground. The artillery saluted, the reviewing party rode along the lines, and the bore and farce of a day and a half were over, and the men were marched home to their late dinners.

On Saturday an expedition of more utility as a sanitary measure was ordered by General Patrick for his brigade. Each regiment was marched down to the Potomac at eight A.M. to bathe, and wash and boil clothing of every description, and allowed the greater part of the day, a privilege appreciated after the necessarily strict orders against wandering far from camp, when liable to be called into line any moment, to which we had long been subject.

We get a mail about once a week, brought up from Washington (80 miles) by our sutler, in his weekly trips to and from that city.

* * * The President’s proclamation does not seem to offend any one in this part of the army. It is pretty well settled in these military circles that negroes during the continuance of this war are as clearly contraband as cannon, “hard tack,” quinine, saltpeter, or mercurial ointment.

Forage for horses is very scarce and hard to get in this section; salt pork hardly been seen for several months past, and the men are get-

ting tired of cooking fresh beef. They want to get into the valley of the Shenandoah before the late peaches are harvested and the potatoes dug.

Yours truly,

FRED. BURRITT.

P. S.—We are to lose General Patrick, who is appointed provost marshal of the army of the Potomac, and is to report to General McClellan's headquarters. Wo to the ruthless pillager who falls into his hands! His ability on the field has won the respect of the men, and his departure will be deeply regretted by all. The command will devolve upon Colonel Rogers, of the Twenty-first.

CHAPTER XVII.

VARIETY.

THE division, now under command of General Doubleday, moved on the 20th from this point, and bivouacked for a few days near Bakersville, five miles north of Sharpsburg. Nothing occurred here worthy of note except a picket quarrel, in which one of the Thirty-fifth was wounded. A cold rain set in on Saturday night, the 25th, continuing all night and the following day, and did not cease till the morning of the 27th. During the afternoon of Sunday, the 26th, orders were received to march immediately for Crampton's Gap. This order turned us houseless into the cold northeaster which came down incessantly, drenching us to the skin. Hours elapsed before the long column which was to precede us had passed, and night densely dark and gloomy spread around. Cheered by the darkness the spirit of the storm grew wilder and fiercer, and laughed in apparent glee.

The boys had made huge bonfires of the rubbish of deserted tents, and around each a group of soldiers looked in the vivid glare of the firelight like so many specters. The passing column would come up out of the darkness into the light, blurt out some badinage at us, and plunge again into the gloom. At last the tail of the great serpent trailed itself past, and we plunged out into the blackness. The rain had made the knapsacks heavy, and the earth a slippery, slimy

mass of mire. We staggered, braced, staggered again, and fell—fell sprawling into this muddy mixture. The passing of thousands of feet had made a sea of the road. It was from half-shoe to ankle deep, and treacherous sloughs let the unsuspecting soldier almost knee-deep into the slush.

Mirthfulness, which is characteristic of our rude life, and never dispensed with even on the battle-field, here as there mingled with this misery, and every now and then peals of laughter would ring out upon the night as some unlucky wight would slip, stagger, and fall full length into the mire, then drag himself out covered from head to foot, and chilled to the bone, a fit subject for compassion rather than ridicule. It was a never-ending slough that we waded in, while the ceaseless, blinding storm slapped us keenly in the face. The artillery and trains balked and mired at every moment, blockading the way, and progress was slow and laborious. Midnight was close at hand when we were allowed to lie down in the mud and storm till morning, two and one-half miles from where we started.

When daylight crept softly over the eastern slope and looked down into Smoketown, he got a view of about as scaly a looking set of men as ever wore blue uniforms. The two following days were spent in reaching Berlin, where we remained in camp one day.

On the evening of Thursday, October 30th, we again crossed into Virginia on a pontoon bridge at Berlin, and made a night march by moonlight of about ten miles on the turnpike toward Leesburg. This was a part of the general advance. The next day Colonel Hoffman mustered the regiment for six months' pay now due. The need of this pay had been felt very

seriously by both officers and men. We moved forward two miles in the evening. Several returned paroled prisoners joined the regiment here, among among them Sergeant Lorenzo Howes, and privates Daniel Beckwith, Charles Sweet, Michael Grady, and Clinton Robbins. The division bivouacked in line, as the pickets had had a skirmish with the enemy, and been driven in.

A very rapid march on Saturday brought us to Purcellsville, and turning from the main road into a beautiful grove of oak, hickory, and ash, we bivouacked. During the day cannonading had been heard in this direction, and pieces of shell picked up showed that the fight opened here; but it had receded as we approached, plainly indicating that our forces had driven the enemy rapidly into the mountains. Sunday following proved a Sabbath in the true sense; and as the following extract of a letter says what we wish to say of this blessed day, we give it:

“We had marched rapidly all day cheered by the roar of cannon, and toward night bivouacked at Purcellsville, where the battle had commenced in the morning; but the rebels had been driven some eight miles toward the Gap. We were not needed on the following day, though the fight continued throughout the day and was only closed by the shadows of nightfall, so a day of rest—a Sabbath was granted us. It was improved by church service. The primeval forest was our church, lighted up with all the splendor of a brilliant sun, and decked most gorgeously with the rich and varied tinted foliage with which autumn so lavishly adorns the forests. The same breeze that wafted to us the deep-toned thunder of the battle near the Gap, wafted a shower of seared leaves from the

overhanging boughs which fell upon our heads—a meet baptism and token of the presence of the great I Am at our worship. The scene was a solemn one, and the clear, rich tones of our chaplain, as in eloquent terms he expounded the great truths of God's plan of salvation, and reverently lifted the veil that we might gaze upon the glories of the hereafter, added a deeper solemnity, and in awe we felt that God was walking through the forest and in our midst. Hundreds of stout hearts, who had looked death calmly in the face in more than half a score of battles, were now awe-stricken, and bowed in devout worship of His unseen presence."

While here Colonel Crane received the following order to report for duty on the staff of General Reynolds, and immediately entered upon the duties of the post assigned to him.

HEADQUARTERS 1ST ARMY CORPS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, Nov. 27, 1862.

SPECIAL ORDER No. 4.

Lieut.-Col. Crane, of the Twenty-third New York State Volunteers, will report immediately at the Headquarters as Acting Assistant Inspector-General of the Corps.

By order of Brigadier-General REYNOLDS.

C. KINGSBURY, JR., A. A. G.

Monday and Tuesday were spent in the march from Purcellsville to Bloomingdale, a distance of twelve miles through a beautiful country. A thousand glories are added to these forests by the frosts of autumn, and with foliage of every hue of the rainbow, covering hills and glades, and climbing up the steep sides of these mountains, they present a scene that thrills the beholder with delight. It is our good fortune to revel in these beauties as we march exultingly forward, and to

lie down at night beneath these grand old trees through whose branches the moon looks down smilingly.

But our march, so inauspiciously commenced, so fruitful of results and full of charming scenes, was destined to end in a worse storm even than it began. The rebels had been driven from the Gap, and as Doubleday's division was not needed in that column, he was commanded to march upon Warrenton.

We had bivouacked on Tuesday night in the forest, near Bloomingdale. This place is a vulgar attempt at a village, with one decent house, which looks like a sunflower in the midst of a field of cabbage stumps. On the morning of the 6th of November, after an early cup of coffee, we soon made camels of ourselves for the march. Gibbon's brigade (to which had been added the Twenty-fourth Michigan) and Lieutenant-Colonel Hoffman's brigade took the road to the right. General Patrick's (now Paul's) and General Hatch's brigades took the left road over the hills. The day was well advanced before this long and cumbersome column of infantry, artillery, ambulance, and baggage-trains had uncoiled itself and was fully under way, so we were constantly checked, would go a little way and stop for the column to move, then go a little farther and stop. At last a certain steadiness was gained, and onward we pressed at a rapid pace. It was only occasionally checked by creeks and narrow defiles. Up and down the rocky sides of these mongrel mountains and across broad expanses of field and wood we hurry. Now we dive into a deep, dark forest—emerge, and taking a short turn sweep off to the right or left, constantly walled in by stone fence. We make all points of the compass, but press onward, still onward.

Weakly men at last sink under their burden, unable

to proceed—nature, but not themselves, is exhausted. “Bully” men swear they will go not a step farther, and lie down to rest, regardless of consequences. Resolute men keep pace. Night at last made progress more difficult, and the welcome fires of the advance gleamed out through the darkness, and we pitched our tents and sought rest and sleep. This bivouac lay about one mile east of Hectortown. We had carried our knapsacks about twenty-four miles that day, but had only made about sixteen miles in direct line. Thursday was a repetition of Wednesday, except that we marched only eighteen miles. This route lay past Salem, down the mountain road to Warrenton. The reserves and cavalry took the advance, and had no difficulty in driving the rebs out of the above place. A few stragglers were taken prisoners.

November now began to breathe his chilly breath more bleakly over the mountains, and by his cloudy brow show evident signs of the coming storm. We encamped on the pike, half a mile west of the town, and prepared for our first snow-storm. A dog’s kennel is more comfortable than the little shelter-tent, and attempts at comfort are rather futile. But the dumb brutes suffer more than the men. In a few hours the weather changed from a pleasant autumn day to all the rigor of mid-winter. Snow fell to the depth of four inches on Friday; but it was very transient, lasting only two days.

On the 10th of November General McClellan reviewed the troops, and bade them farewell. He had been relieved from his command. It was a sad day for the army, for though they respect and admire Burnside, they love and trust McClellan. The army moved at ten o’clock A.M. on the morrow toward Fred-

ericksburg. Being rear-guard, night overtook the Twenty-third one mile out of Warrenton, and half the night was spent in reaching Fayetteville, eight miles south. We remained at this point till the 17th, occupied with drill, guard, and hunting wild hogs, which abound in the deep, lonely forests of oak, ash, pine, hickory, and persimmon. The fields here are level, barren, and sandy.

Early on the morning of the 17th a disagreeable rain set in, but it did not delay the march. We made sixteen miles before nine o'clock p.m. Slight rain fell during the night and on the following day, but it proved no serious inconvenience. We struck the Catlett road at the brick church, and taking the road to Stafford Court House bivouacked on the second night about two and one-half miles west from that place. The heavy rains rendered the roads impassable, the artillery was swamped, and the baggage-trains could not come up. This proved a serious inconvenience to officers, many of whom were already drenched to the skin, and with no tents to keep off the storm. This storm, which commenced on the 17th, did not cease till the night of the 20th.

General Paul arranged a camp-ground upon the adjoining hill on Wednesday, and notwithstanding the storm the men set to work and erected comfortable log-huts, with the expectation of remaining here a few weeks. This was a serious disappointment, for we marched on the following morning for Brook's Station. Here Colonel Hoffman was allowed to select his own camping-ground, and agreeable to his custom he selected a fine hillside, well wooded. Again the men set to work and made themselves as comfortable as possible in log-huts. Of course these huts are tem-

porized, and are erected with more or less skill, according to the natural tact of the architect. Some erected fine but rude fire-places, using the railroad iron thrown away on the road. These huts were very serviceable in this weather so nearly resembling winter.

Very little of interest occurred during the two weeks' stay in this camp. General Patrick came over on the 27th and gave the brigade a "Thanksgiving sermon." He was enthusiastically welcomed, and listened to with deep interest. Very few generals have that firm hold upon the hearts of the men that General Patrick has upon this brigade. We received six months' pay on the 29th. This money had long been needed, and much suffering to the families was occasioned by the delay. Colonel Hoffman took command of the brigade in the absence of Colonel Rogers and General Paul, and the command of the regiment devolved upon Captain Schlick. The regiment was two days on picket, from the 6th to the 8th of December, along the telegraph road reaching from Stafford Court House to Alexandria. Four inches of snow had fallen, and the forest and fields had all the appearance of mid-winter. The branches of pine and cedar were bowed to the earth by the weight of snow.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.

On the broad plain where the seared leaf is lying,
Calmly the first born of glory have met ;
Hark ! the death volley around them is ringing ;
Look ! with their life-blood the dead grass is wet."

At twelve m., on Tuesday, December 9th, we broke camp, very reluctantly, and moved to within the vicinity of Camp "Rufus King," and on the following day (10th) beyond it, and bivouacked in a beautiful grove of pine. The forces were now massed in order, and the pontoon bridges ready to be thrown down. The fight opened on the 11th. As the following letter contains the gist of the fight, and of the part taken in it by the Twenty-third, we take the liberty to copy.

CAMP "PAUL" (NOWHERE), *December 21st, 1862.*

DEAR M—— : On the night before the bombardment we bivouacked in a dense thicket of pines near the old camp-ground known as "Rufus King." We were not long in gathering the cedar boughs, always abundant, and spreading this bed of down over the floor of our little tents. As darkness came on, the huge camp-fires gave a charming outline and feature to this little fairy city of white roofs. Their bright light in long diverging rays beat back the dark, and showed in relief the graceful tapering trunks of the pines, gray and dusky. Their boughs arch and form deep, dark aisles of nature's grand old cathedral filled with dim and spectral shadows. Around the fires groups of hardy soldiers were telling stories.

Aside from the deep, wild interest of battle, the shock of armies, when death is wantonly swooping into the gulf of ruin so many precious lives, there is a peculiar something in camp-life that may challenge comparison in interest to any other. Take the scene above]

This noble band of men have come together to defend liberty with their lives, and a cord of sympathy ties the knot around the cheerful camp-fires. The rude jostling of these great hearts together, as they talk of their mutual dangers, hair-breadth escapes, noble deeds of comrades and the sacred cause, unites them one in purpose, one in action. To be sure, there is a lack of polish of manner and speech about all this (camp dialect is blunt), but it has the plain outspoken manhood, a smack of truth and honor, that atones for much of refinement. We are compelled to look upon it in this light. Such thoughts are born of such a life, no matter how uncultivated the soldier or rude the thought.

The pontoon bridges had been pushed nearly to the opposite shore under cover of darkness, and ere the faintest ray of dawn had streaked the east, the quick, sharp rattle of musketry broke the stillness. The engineers laying the last plank were charged upon, and a bloody struggle followed. Ought not that blood to doom that proud and ancient city? It certainly cries to Heaven for vengeance. A shaft of flame leaps out from the opposite shore, the earth trembles, the air breaks with a deafening roar, and a huge shell, with a shriek like a demon, speeds out upon its errand of destruction. Another followed, and another, till the storm of iron crushed through the walls and set the town on fire. All day long the incessant thunder of the bombardment shook the hills and rent the air. Our brigade moved down near to the river during the day and awaited orders. When the sun sunk darkly into the smoke of burning, the rebels on the opposite hills looked down upon the wreck of their proud city.

On the following morning the sun strove in vain to dispel the mountains of fog that covered the two armies like a shroud, and the mist held the river till after noon. Under this kindly cover we crossed the river. As we reached the level of the plain, a rebel battery opened upon the division while *en masse*, and with surprising accuracy dropped the shell in our midst, but to very little effect. One man in the regiment was slightly wounded. The advance was thrown briskly forward and a footing for the army obtained. Night now closed in upon the opposing armies, and they await the morrow.

The morrow came, and with it the conflict. It was evident that the enemy must be driven from the plain to his stronghold on the heights, and these heights must be stormed. The forces were disposed in order of battle before the mists of morning had been dispersed by the rising sun. Our brigade, now commanded by Colonel Rogers, of the Twenty-first New York Volunteers, held the extreme left, and had the supreme satisfaction of driving the vanguard of the enemy from that part of the field. Batteries B and L made it decidedly too warm for them.

The fight opened fiercely. The great wave of battle surged across the plain and up the rugged heights, swallowing up in its bloody tide regiments, brigades, divisions of brave and heroic men who went down before that death-storm to bite the dust. Great men, men of promise, the sturdy oaks of society as well as the brushwood, were swept by its fury into a soldier's grave. Fortune seemed to favor us, the rebel lines gave way, and our forces drove them up the slope of the heights. But an avalanche awaited them. A flame of fire leaped from the now uncovered supports, and our columns melted before it like dew before the morning sun. The tide of battle changed and rolled back upon the plain.

It was at this point that Lieutenant-Colonel N. M. Crane, as inspector-general of General Reynolds' staff, seeing the Pennsylvania reserves in full retreat, rode up to General Reynolds and said :

"See yonder, General! the 'reserves' have broken."

"My God! Colonel," said the General, "can't you go and stop them?"

Colonel Crane dashed into the midst of the flying mob, and by threats, persuasion, and praise of their former deeds of valor, succeeded in rallying a small battalion of them in the face of the storm of lead that followed them.

It was here also that General Reynolds, failing to get immediate support from the right, sent in haste to General Doubleday for a brigade. Colonel Rogers was ordered up, and with cheerfulness and spirit the entire brigade moved forward double quick, and in perfect line, though the field was continually raked by cannon-shot. Files of men were swept away without a waver in the lines. The expected support arrived before we reached the ground, and the brigade returned to its post. The day had been almost lost, but the veteran regiments were thrown heavily against the triumphant host, and quivering under the awful blow it was beaten back with equal loss. Night at last approached. The sunset was gorgeously beautiful. Nature seemed to laugh at the great calamity. Fighting did not cease till late, and when at last we thought of sleep, we were kept awake by grape and canister.

Sunday morning dawned bright and beautiful, and as calm as though the earth had not groaned and the heavens been rent by a scene of carnage seldom equaled in history. Slight cannonading and skirmishing occupied the day, and as we lay down at night with the sky for our cover, Aurora flung out the grand banner of the heavens, "red, white, and blue," bespangled by the everlasting stars. Its beautiful folds floated up and covered one half of the arch. As we gazed upon it with delight, we felt that the national emblem had not been dishonored by act of ours, and we worshiped in silence the starry banner.

Another day of anxious expectation, of skirmishing, and it became evident that our position was untenable. With masterly skill of plan and execution General Burnside placed his army on the east side of the Rappahannock during the night of the 15th, much to the chagrin and disappointment of the foe.

In this engagement the Twenty-third lost two killed and sixteen wounded. There were instances of especial coolness and courage, but to point out these in a regiment where a want of courage is the exception and not the rule, would be unjust to others. Each man, in whatever capacity, did his duty nobly. You will of course guess by this letter that your friend came off whole, not damaged. Yours,

P——— S———.

We also give Colonel Hoffman's official report of the battle. A minute account of all that we passed through during the five days occupied in this unsuccessful but eventful advance would fill a volume, so we can only give a brief account. This will, however, serve to bring to the mind of the reader a multitude of incidents not mentioned.

HEADQUARTERS TWENTY-THIRD N. Y. VOLS., PEATT'S POINT, VA., {
January 2d, 1863.

LIEUTENANT H. P. TAYLOR, Lieutenant and Acting Adjutant-General
3d Brigade, 1st Division, 1st Army Corps :

SIR—In pursuance of orders, I have the honor to report the part taken by my command in the late action at Fredericksburg, December 12th, 13th, 14th, and 15th, to be as follows :

On the morning of the 11th of December we moved with the brigade from our bivouac near White Oak church, on the Belle Plain road, with the intention, as I supposed, of crossing the Rappahannock. We marched but about one and a half miles when we were halted, and remained all that day and night, owing to the difficulty and delay in laying the bridges.

That night (11th) the bridges were completed, and at early dawn we moved down to the northern bank of the river, at a point about one and a half miles below Fredericksburg, and near the lower bridges, where we remained while the rest of General Franklin's left grand division were crossing. The morning was very foggy until about noon, and we did not cross until about two p.m., we being about the last. Soon after the crossing was effected (which was without interruption), we were massed with other troops of the first division near the residence

of Mr. Burnard, when the enemy for the first time opened upon us from a battery located on the hill opposite, the first shot striking and bursting in the ground in the flank of my regiment, wounding one man.

They threw about twelve or fifteen shot and shell with remarkably good range while in this position, which resulted in but trifling damage, owing to the fuses in their shell being cut either too short or too long.

We soon moved with the rest of the brigade and division to a point directly in front of said Burnard's house, and deployed our line and stacked arms.

General Smith's corps (6th) was deployed on our right, his line running parallel to the river, and fronting southwardly and from the river. The lines of our corps (1st), after the deployment, fronted easterly and down the river, the line running perpendicular to the river, the left resting upon it, and the right joining the left of General Smith's line, and forming a right angle thereto. In this position we lay behind our stacked arms all night.

The morning of the 13th was also foggy, but the fog lifted early, and skirmishing commenced along the line, which grew into a general engagement with artillery and small-arms.

We were moved in close massed columns down the river, under a heavy artillery fire from the enemy's batteries, some one and a half miles, when the enemy was found in our front well posted in pine woods, and protected by natural rifle-pits.

They were soon dislodged by our artillery, when we advanced with the rest of the division to within about one mile of Massaponix Creek. This position we held all day amid a most terrible artillery fire. Toward evening the enemy concentrated a very hot artillery fire upon us with the evident intention of turning our flank.

The position was maintained however, although the brigade on our left, the commander of which misunderstood the order, fell back with his command, skirmishers and all, just before dark, whereas his order directed that he should withdraw his brigade a short distance as soon as the darkness would cover his movement from the view of the enemy, but to leave his skirmishers as they were as pickets. This movement being observed by the foe, and supposing they had accomplished their design, and that we were falling back, they advanced their line so far that their batteries were within thirty or forty rods of our pickets, and pouted a perfect shower of grape promiscuously over the plain, until about one hour after dark.

They finally became convinced of their error, ceased firing, withdrew their lines, and all was quiet until morning, except an occasional shot between pickets.

On the 14th and 15th we held the same position without interruption, except an occasional round from their artillery and sharp picket firing, which was kept up most of the time, day and night, with great briskness.

The picket lines were so close to our advanced position that many of their shots did execution in our ranks.

On the night of the 15th we were withdrawn to the north side of the Rappahannock about midnight, leaving two companies (G and B) on the picket lines not informed (except their commanding officers) that we had retired.

Companies G and B were placed on picket at dusk on the evening of the 15th, and by some misunderstanding or inadvertence on the part of the officer left in charge of the picket, were not informed to retire at the proper time and with the rest of the line, and remained about one hour after the rest had left, and at daylight they fell slowly back, keeping their deployment and stirring up many stragglers and sick who had sought refuge and resting place around the hospital buildings, barns, stacks, river bank, etc., and finally were the last to cross the bridge, it being taken up immediately behind them.

The steadiness and coolness of the officers and men of my command, with very few exceptions, were highly commendable throughout, especially those of Companies A and F, who were on picket during the night of the 13th, and Company I on the 14th, and Company D on the night of the 14th and during the day of the 15th.

Of the cool and deliberate bravery exhibited by the officers of the two Companies G and B, under the peculiarly perilous circumstances in which they found themselves, I can not in justice speak but in terms of especial commendation.

In the action we had engaged—one field officer, one acting staff officer (adjutant), fourteen line officers, and nine (9) companies, embracing 276 enlisted men.

Company C was detached. We took three (3) prisoners. We had three (3) stragglers. H. C. HOFFMAN, Colonel Commanding.

The brigade moved down near the bank of the river on the 17th, and commenced winter quarters. With untiring industry two days were sufficient to put up the small log-hut and make it comfortable. But it was labor thrown away. Early on the morning of the 20th, agreeably to orders to march, we packed, and with the promise of a short march set out toward the Potomac. But after traveling very rapidly all day, we brought

up just at night in a wilderness near the bank of the Potomac, without our baggage-train and lost. Somebody had certainly blundered. Most of the regiment found the bottom of a deep ravine, well sheltered from the bleak December wind, and built huge fires.

This region, which is five or six miles below Belle Plain, has a wild and uncultivated appearance, though a close observer can see through the desolation the marks of the ancient plantations of the F. F. V.'s. On Tuesday the division, now commanded by General Wadsworth, moved to the vicinity of Pratt's Landing, where a camp was laid out, and we again put up log-cabins, but this time with more care and precision. With astonishing rapidity the forest of oak, pine, cedar, whitewood, holly, etc., tangled and matted with green-brier and grape-vine, gave way to a rude but regular and graceful little village of cabins.

So then the active campaign, commenced on the 10th of March at Fairfax Court House, ends at Belle Plain on the 20th of December. From this time dated the usual routine of camp, until General Patrick obtained permission to exchange his five thousand new troops and regulars for the veteran brigade, declaring that "he could do more with the old brigade of 1,000 men than with the whole 4,000 of the others."

HEADQUARTERS 23D NEW YORK STATE VOLUNTEERS, }
PRATT'S POINT, VA., Dec. 31st, 1862.

DEAR MAJOR, AND DEAR THURSTON:

Gentlemen—Your twin letters, dated 18th and 19th of December, were received some days since. I need not say that I was glad to hear from you both. I beg to urge, as an apology for my long delay in answering, and also for writing a copartnership letter, the fact of my not being in very good health since a few days after the "butchering," and owing to my having a very large amount of official writing to do, which I have not yet finished. General Wadsworth now has command of this (1st) division, and General Doubleday has resumed command of

his old brigade. Our present position is on the extreme left of the army, we being the last regiment, and resting on the river, as you see by the heading of this, at Pratt's Point or Landing, which is near to and a little below Belle Plain, on the bay that puts up from the Potomac River, and into which empties Potomac Creek.

It is the roughest region just about here that I have seen in Virginia. There is not a level spot close along the river large enough to lie down upon for the night. We are, however, after much hard labor, very comfortably situated, being quartered on the south slope of a hill, with water and wood both convenient and abundant.

We have gone into winter quarters for the third time, and are all well fixed for the blast. I have a nice fire-place in my tent, and am in every way prepared to withstand the roughest of weather, provided we remain quiet; but orders have been received which indicate a hurried breaking up again, and probably another fight soon, as our orders read, "Be ready to move at twelve hours' notice, with sixty rounds of cartridges per man, and three days' cooked rations on the men, six or eight more in the wagons, and cattle enough to last ten days." What the nature of the movement is to be, of course I do not know, nor do I inquire. It sets prophets and rumor to work, and some have it that we are going to the Peninsula, and some that we are going back to Washington. Some one thing, and some another; but of course nothing is so ridiculous but finds credence and publishers. I imagine we are going to attempt the crossing of the Rappahannock at some point above Falmouth, and attack the enemy on the flank, or compel him to change front, or else to conform to some movement of his on our right. Whatever it is, I hope that we will meet with better success than we did in our last effort. I earnestly wish McClellan had to lead us. I should have more confidence; yet I do not despair of Burnside, although his last operation was an unfortunate affair. The opinion here was general, that Burnside crossed and fought the late battle in pursuance of positive orders, and against his own wish and judgment; but his manly and self-sacrificing letter to General Halleck, together with his evidence given before the investigating committee, undeceives us on that point, and compels us to think even more than ever we did of General Burnside as a high-toned, honorable man, but less as a general.

His original plan was undoubtedly a good one, and had the pontoons arrived at Falmouth with the head of the column, as was expected and doubtless promised, his undertaking would have proved successful beyond a doubt, and long ere this he would have gained a great advantage over the enemy, and made some progress toward Richmond. But the bridges not being there, and failing to arrive until after the rebels had seen his design, and before his eyes had prepared for him by erect-

ing strong works on bluffs which are so strong by nature as to be almost impregnable, and massing their entire army behind them, it was in my judgment almost unpardonable in him to lead his army into the face of such a volcano of destruction, merely to appease the craving clamor of some fire-side newspaper patriots of the North, for I fail to see how he could hardly hope for a victory.

It would be idle for me to attempt a detailed description of the "butchering" with the few words I could employ for the purpose ; besides, you have doubtless read all the different accounts in the papers, and as far as that goes know more about it than myself, for I have read none of them ; in fact, it is an unpleasant theme for me, for you know when a fellow has had a fight and got whipped, he is like the boy the calf ran over, "Haint nothing to say," and is not very fond of relating the particulars how it occurred. The whole of it is told, when I say that much the largest, if not the best army that has gone into battle on our side during this war, marched over the river and paraded and drilled around on that beautiful plain for three days and three nights for the butternut cusses to shoot at, until they were satisfied and seemed to have killed all they wanted to, when we sneaked back in the night to this side of the river again.

I knew the lay of the ground over there as well as I do that around Elmira ; and so do you. Major, if you remember, for our camp last summer, in its different locations, covered almost the entire battle-field ; and knowing it so well I was among the last to believe that we were to cross over at the point we did. It looked to me like a hazardous undertaking—one which any school-boy who had never heard of battles, after viewing the ground from this side of the Rappahannock, could have advised General Burnside of the fallacy of attempting. You see that I, like all others, grow wonderfully wise and sagacious after the battle is over ; but let me say that my opinion was expressed and recorded as soon as I knew of the crossing, and long anterior to the battle. On Friday morning early all of General Franklin's left grand division was closely packed in the fog on the flats this side of the river previous to and pending the crossing, we being the last to cross, remaining on this side until about one P.M. I had an opportunity of seeing and talking with a great many officers ; those with whom I spoke were almost all unanimous in the opinion that the enemy had left or were leaving, from the fact of their offering no resistance to our passage of the stream, for not a gun was fired, and it was as still as death. I insisted that unless there was some strong movement being made from some other point, and of so formidable a character as to endanger their national capital (and I had no idea there was, although the rumor was current, and by many believed, that Fort Darling had fallen, and that a force

of 80,000 was approaching Richmond from Suffolk, etc.), that they were not fools enough to fall back, as their present position was the strongest national defense they had this side of their elaborate fortifications around and in front of Richmond, and that if they dare not fight us where they were they could not afford to anywhere, and that I knew the ground and position in which they and we would be in, and gave it as my opinion that they felt secure and confident of holding their ground, as they had a right to do, and that they were no less anxious that we should effect the crossing than we were ourselves, knowing that we would be upon a dead-level plain, without a particle of cover or protection, and every man exposed and in range of their most distant guns.

We effected the crossing, the last of us getting over about two P.M. Sure enough, so reliant were they, that when our skirmishers were sent out to feel their position, they never fired a shot, but allowed them to come up close to them, even to conversational distance. told them (the skirmishers) to take their time and get fixed just as they wanted to, and says one of them, "*To-morrow we will drive you into the Rappahannock, or you will drive us into hell.*" Our lines were formed without interruption.

Notwithstanding all this disadvantage under which I felt we were laboring. I still felt that we were to be successful, for we had the numbers well equipped and provided for, and then the very desperateness of the undertaking led me to suppose the battle was to be fought on desperate principles. I do not think the battle was planned or fought right. I think, as you sometimes, Major, say, "*West Point defeated us.*" or rather stood in the way of success. The battle was undertaken to be fought on those scientific principles which are supposed to be adopted when you are on something near equal terms with your enemy in numbers and advantage of position. It was undertaken on the same principles of attack that Antietam and other engagements have been fought, and as I think most battles should be fought; but a soldier, like experts in any other profession, should be able to govern his actions by circumstances and his surroundings. In the position in which we found the enemy and ourselves on the field of Fredericksburg, I believe the plan should have been (if we had not time or inclination to lay a siege), and what I supposed would be done, was to have formed our lines, under cover of the night, close up to our picket line (which was well advanced), in two or three close-sustaining lines of battle, according to the number of men, with the remaining troops in reserve and massed on the flank and center, with the artillery concentrated at each of the different points where they could advance with the line, and at a given signal at day-dawn, with fixed bayonets, let the entire army loose like an avalanche upon their works, making our superior numbers, if we

had them, tell upon them. I do not think there should have been a gun loaded until the crest had been carried, but let the men understand that they had the cold steel alone to rely upon, and they would have WENT IN. A man with a load in his gun is very apt to want to stop and go to shooting whenever he is fired upon; whereas, every time he stopped to shoot, at Fredericksburg, the enemy had five-fold the advantage of him, he being entrenched, and the other in an open plain. I am of the opinion, had this plan been adopted, it would almost certainly have won; we would have stood five chances out of six of defeating them *in toto*. True, it would have been running this hazard—it would have entirely ruined our army or the other; either they would have been demolished, or we ourselves annihilated. But I supposed that was the plan, to end this war before the first of January. I never dreaded going into battle so much as I did crossing that stream; but as soon as across I never was so willing to fight. I had no desire to come back until there had been a complete and decisive victory for one side or the other. I wanted the fighting ended on the spot, so far as these two armies were concerned, and, with all my dread of battles, was anxious to run my share of the risk.

The way the battle was fought—by sending one column of attack at this point and another at that to receive the enemy's fire when at a given point from in front and an enfilading fire from both flanks, their artillery in intrenched works and their infantry in rifle-pits sweeping our columns down like grass before the scythe—was very wrong. In this manner of attacking them they would have used up, in my opinion, an army of 400 000 men before we could have taken their works. It was the greatest scathing this army ever has taken, and the greatest wonderment to me is, that so many escaped unharmed. We had to lay and take it. There was nothing made by dodging, for their guns covered the whole plain on which we stood, and we covered the entire area; so that all they had to do was to shut their eyes and fire, for no shot could fall in the valley without doing execution. They could do as well in the night as in the daytime; and did Saturday night on the extreme left, where old Stonewall sowed grape-shot broadcast over the plain until some time after dark, as the lamented old cook used to say when a scratch was made, "*He can hit them as well where they haint as where they are.*" There was a perfect shower of solid shot, shell, grape-shot, shrapnell, log-chains, and railroad ties all Saturday afternoon.

It is remarkable how polite and respectful this soldiering makes a man. Now both of you know that I am naturally modest, not at all forward in my manners, and am not given to make much of a splurge upon strangers, yet when one of those whizzing cannon-balls came along, I seemed to owe to it that supreme respect, although it being an

entire stranger to me, if it comes in recognizing distance, I inadvertently but respectfully *bow* to it. This seems to be a lesson in etiquette that all easily learn.

I hope General Burnside will not suffer materially by my severe criticism upon his conduct of the late engagement. If he feels bad. I will give him a written certificate, that, "with all his mishaps, I love him still." I think very highly of him as a gentleman and an officer, and had rather trust to him yet than any in the army of the Potomac. He is my favorite. He failed once, as the best will. If he leaves. Sumner is my next choice. I shall be happy to get, and shall expect an answer from you, gentlemen. either severally or jointly, or both.

I am, gentlemen, yours truly,

H. C. HOFFMAN.

CHAPTER XIX.

BELLE PLAIN LANDING.

A CHAPTER devoted to Belle Plain Landing is well, for what soldier of the Twenty-third will soon forget his mongrel cabin—half logs, half cellar, and the other half shelter tent; the long winter evenings before the blazing fire; the severe guard duty; the drill when off guard; the courts-martial; the longings for home; the lagging days and weeks ere the expiration of our term of service? The winter and spring of '63 were spent here. There were bright and beautiful days of sunshine and balmy, bracing breezes; dark and gloomy days of cloud and fog; cold, frosty days; terrible stormy days, when the snow and sleet and rain came down upon us most unmercifully. Such days as the 22d of February, the occasion of the great snow-storm, will not be forgotten, especially by those who stood guard on the night of the 21st and day of the 22d. In contrast with this was the 19th of April, a day that would grace paradise.

The prevailing feature of Belle Plain is mud. At times we literally waded in mud. Many horses and mules have sunk in the sloughs to die there; men have barely escaped. Sand-walks and log-walks were finally put down, but outside of these the mud continued. At one time as many as twelve teams were hitched to each wagon, and with this force they would attempt the ruts and sloughs, and not unfrequently get mired.

Another feature of our stay here was "high living."

Quartermaster Bingham (who, by the way, is a WORKING man) secured every possible luxury that comes in the line of rations. Added to this was the confiscated property of sutlers, which was usually distributed to the provost guard. There were also many conveniences and luxuries obtainable from the sutler boats in the harbor. In the spring the fishing season came on, and was improved with a vengeance. This bay is a noted fishing-ground, and yields some of the finest fish—shad, sturgeon, eels, perch, herring, etc. “Bobbing for eels” continued to be the pastime of the boys till our departure from the landing, and much rare sport it furnished.

As soon as the brigade was taken out of General Reynolds’ corps, Colonel Crane returned to duty in the Twenty-third and took command of a detachment of four companies at what was then known as the Lower Landing. The following complimentary order was issued by General Reynolds in acknowledgment of the valuable services of the Colonel:

HEADQUARTERS 1ST ARMY CORPS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, *Jun. 17th, 1863.*

GENERAL ORDER No. 10.

In returning Colonel Crane to his regiment, the Major-General commanding takes this occasion to tender him his sincere thanks for the very efficient manner in which he has performed the duties of Assistant Inspector-General, as well as for the valuable assistance rendered him in carrying his orders on the battle-field.

By command of Major-General REYNOLDS.

C. KINGSBURY, JR., Lt. Col., A. A. G.

But the Colonel remained with us only a few weeks, when General Patrick demanded the assistance of his ready hand and willing heart in the arduous duties of his office, and obedient to the following order he resigned his command into the hands of Major Gregg and proceeded to headquarters, where at the time of

this writing he is still performing the duties herein mentioned:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC. OFFICE PROVOST }
MARSHAL GENERAL, *March 4th*, 1863. }

SPECIAL ORDER No. 57.

Lieutenant-Colonel N. M. Crane, Twenty-third New York Volunteers, is hereby detailed to perform the duties of Deputy Provost Marshal General upon the staff of the Provost Marshal General of the Army of the Potomac, and will report forthwith to this office for duty.

By command of Brig.-Gen. M. R. PATRICK, Prov. Marshal General.

J. KIMBALL, Assistant Adjutant-General.

Thus the weeks and months sped away, the grand preparations for advance were completed, and after innumerable reports to that effect, "the army moved." By an order of General Hooker, the Twenty-third New York, with the other regiments of the brigade, were assigned to the defenses at Aquia and along the railroad, with the injunction that "they are to be surrendered under no circumstances whatever." Agreeably to the spirit of this order, on the evening of the 29th of April we packed our traps, passed on to the boat, and with nine hearty cheers bade good-bye to Pratt's Landing. The camps at the fortifications at Aquia were very pleasant and beautiful.

CHAPTER XX.

“HOMEWARD BOUND.”

TIME, the old veteran, at last brought round the close of the term of our enlistment, and obedient to the order of the War Department, preparations were made to return home. The regiment in detachments had garrisoned the fortifications at Aquia during the fight at Chancellorsville, and for several days afterward. At the sound of booming cannon and the blaze of battle which could be distinctly heard and seen, the spirit of the Twenty-third was aroused, and many longed to go and help their noble comrades fight out the battle which all were sanguine must result in a great victory to our arms.

The Twenty-first New York preceded us. Before their departure the officers of the brigade assembled at Aquia Landing for the purpose of presenting a splendid set of silver plate to General Patrick, costing \$1,200. Colonel Rogers, of the Twenty-first, being senior officer, presented the plate on behalf of the brigade, and in a plain, unvarnished speech expressed the esteem of the donors. The old gentleman was affected to tears at this unexpected expression of the confidence and high regard of the officers of his command, and thanked them in his own peculiar and earnest way. He had earned this testimonial, not by favor shown, but by the conscientious and rigid discharge of his duty, his noble and humane conduct on the battle-field. The soldiers

of his entire command have learned to love "Old Patsy," as they style him. The General expressed himself very proud of the old brigade, and earnestly hoped that they would return under the old organization, in this the hour of our country's peril, and help end this bloody struggle. And indeed since the disaster to our army across the river, very many of the men feel that to go home now would be almost a mockery of the patriotism that led them to go forth at the first call, and with no hope of earthly reward for their country's defense, and they resolved to return after a short visit home.

The morning of the 11th was a bright and joyous morning. The anxious hearts that for two long years had waited our coming would soon be gladdened, for we were relieved from duty and packed our knapsacks for the homeward march. We embarked on board the United States mail steamer "John Brooks," and as we pushed from shore bade good-bye to "Old Virginia" and "red-visaged war" that has made a desert waste of her fertile fields. We disembarked and passed to the barracks near the railroad dépôt, where we stopped for the night, and Colonel Hoffman allowed the regiment freedom to go about town for the purpose of making any little purchases that the men desired. The journey by rail from Washington was a cheerful one, but joy to the homeward-bound soldier is peculiar—it is mingled with grief. *He* is going home, but the bones of many a loved comrade and friend bleach on the bloody field he has left, and at the moment that joy overflows the heart, the poisoned barb of remembrance stings him and dries up the gushing fountain of joyous feeling.

A sad accident happened on the morning of the 13th,

near Marysville. Captain Clark, of Company H, was climbing upon the top of the rear car just at the moment the train was passing under a bridge. His face was turned from it so that he did not discover the bridge. It struck him on the back of the head and knocked him upon the rocks by the side of the road. It was some time before the signal to stop the team was understood by the engineer. We turned back, but he was already dead, and the body was placed upon the cars. The delay compelled the train to put back to Marysville and wait for the down train. In about an hour we were again on our way. The people of Williamsport had not forgotten the Twenty-third, and notwithstanding the heavy rain that set in, they turned out in great numbers to greet us.

About half-past six o'clock in the evening the welcome spires and green shade-trees of Elmira made their appearance, and as the train neared the town the bells sounded the welcome home. Dense crowds of people, heedless of the storm, lined the track and filled the windows and balconies of the houses from Southport to the dépôt, and as the train passed raised their shouts of joy. The regiment formed in line before the Delavan House, and Mayor Spaulding, on behalf of the citizens, gave the following eloquent address of welcome:

“COLONEL HOFFMAN: To you, and the gallant officers and soldiers under your command, we extend a most cordial welcome home.

“A little more than two years ago was seen gathering over the political horizon of this hitherto prosperous and happy country a cloud ominous of evil, and threatening the disruption of a government more humane in its operations, more beneficent in its results, than any government the world ever saw.

"Time rolled on, and the cloud, which at first seemed only a speck, gathered and increased, until at length the storm broke forth in all its fury, and Sumter fell.

"Our country's flag—the glorious stars and stripes—which for more than half a century had commanded the respect of the whole civilized world, was stricken down by the dastardly and bloody hand of treason.

"REBELLION against the best government the sun ever shone upon, THEN became a fixed fact. All the horrors of civil war, with its attendant evils and sacrifices, were before us.

"A scheme, gigantic in its proportions, for the disintegration of the Union, and establishing by force a Southern Confederacy upon its ruins, became painfully apparent. The public mind, in view of the brazen wickedness on the part of the conspirators that could coolly plan, without any cause sufficient to justify them in the eyes of any civilized nation, the overthrow of our government, paused for a moment, amazed and dumb. NOT LONG, HOWEVER. Soon the patriotic fires of '76 warmed the life and animated the bosoms of both young and old, and the cry went forth, 'THE UNION AND THE CONSTITUTION. IT MUST AND SHALL BE PRESERVED.'

"Then it was that you, the gallant Southern Tier, came to the rescue. Then it was that you bade adieu to home and friends with all their endearments, and took up arms in defense of your country and the maintenance of the laws.

"Honor—all honor to the brave hearts who would sacrifice home, friends, the luxuries of wealth, ay, even life, to sustain the government of our country. No words of welcome we can extend to you can half express the gratitude your patriotic devotion deserves ;

nor, sir, be assured, can words express the gratitude which is felt by the many citizens and friends who greet you here to-day. Their beaming eyes moistened by tears of gladness, and the fervent grasp of the hand, are more eloquent expressions of grateful hearts and true welcome than words can convey. But while we gladly welcome you, we can not repress the painful thought that there are hearts among us desolate and sad—that the mother who offered her son on the altar of her country (and our country) has her joy mingled with grief, that her boy who went forth with you in all the pride of early manhood has been stricken down nobly fighting on the battle-field.

“Within the period of two short years what changes have come to the hearth-stones of many (very many) who greet you to-day! Cast your mind back to the day (nearly two years ago) when on this same spot your friends bade you ‘good-bye,’ and silently their prayers went up to that God ‘who holds the nations as in the hollow of his hand,’ for your safe and speedy return.

“Where, now, are many of those manly forms and brave hearts? Ah! go and inquire on the bloody battle-grounds of Antietam and Fredericksburg. Look for the unmasked mounds where lie their bones, ‘on the sacred soil of Virginia.’ But, sir, great as is the cost in life and treasure, ‘the Union must and shall be preserved.’ The people can not afford at any cost to lose the benefits which would accrue not only to us, but to posterity, by a firm and united government to reach over all the States. Sir, although this rebellion has assumed a magnitude colossal in its proportions; although our wisest statesmen have mistaken the strength and resources of the enemy; and

although misfortune and defeat have and still do continue to overtake us at every turn ; and although darkness as a pall now hangs over our distracted country, and no cheering ray of present success is seen to give us hope of the future, yet the time WILL and MUST come when the country will be again restored to peace—when these United States ‘SHALL be ONE and INSEPARABLE.’”

“The TIME MUST come when the flag of our country shall wave in triumph over every State, from the Atlantic to the Pacific—from the Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. None must despair of our country. But let us fight on until we have secured the return to loyalty of the rebellious States, and shown to the world that a republican form of government possesses the inherent strength to maintain itself ; that an enlightened and free people are able to maintain a government which has made us, as a nation, invincible against foreign aggression, and the admiration of the world.”

Colonel Hoffman, in a few pithy and appropriate remarks, expressed the gratitude of the regiment. We can not better describe the reception than by giving the following extract from the *Elmira Advertiser* :

“But at last patience had its reward, and a little before seven o'clock the whistle of the train was heard near the Junction, which soon drew in sight with nineteen cars packed full, drawn by two locomotives. From the railroad bridge to the dépôt continued vociferous cheers and shouts of welcome and reply went up, which were not restrained until the gallant fellows had left the cars and were drawn up in double lines before the Delavan House, to listen to the address of welcome from Mayor Spaulding, who valiantly stood his ground on the balcony of the Delavan during one of the most

drenching showers of the season. Colonel Hoffman briefly replied, and the procession immediately formed, led by the Elmira cornet band, followed by the civic societies, the firemen, trustees, and citizens, and then Wisner's band, leading the Southern Tiers, armed and equipped in marching order, a long file of carriages, filled with the officers of the Twelfth and Twenty-sixth, bringing up the rear.

"The procession, after proceeding down Main to Water Street, waited until the firemen procured torches, when it again moved along Water up Lake to Church, along Church to William, and thence direct to the old Southern Tier barracks, the waiting throngs along the route, the flashing torches, the varying lights and shades, and the steady marching of passing soldiery creating a rapid changing and splendid kaleidoscope, intoned as it was by the booming of cannon, ringing of bells, and vociferous cheering, which has scarcely been our fortune to witness before. Nothing marred the magnificent display but the steady falling drenching showers which greeted the arrival of the regiment, and were not over until the procession was well on its way.

"Of the music we can not speak in too high terms; suffice it that those two old favorite bands, Updegraff's and Wisner's, the veterans of many a campaign and fight, played only as they know how to play, choice selections of patriotic airs, quicksteps, and marches.

"At the old barracks of the regiment a bounteous repast was in waiting for them, prepared by the ladies of Elmira. The tables were fairly loaded down with their abundance of provisions, and the tempting viands must have been exceedingly palatable to the men after their long and wearisome ride and wet, muddy march.

"It was a magnificent reception, and worthy the patriotic people of Elmira, and gladdened the hearts of the men to honor whom the demonstration was made; but it gladdened them far more when they were allowed to throw off their knapsacks and war gear and go home to their own firesides, to their fathers and mothers, brothers, sisters, wives, and sweethearts. Wednesday, the 13th of May, will be ever green in the memory of the soldiers of the Twenty-third and their friends."

Part Second.

STATISTICAL HISTORY

OF THE

TWENTY-THIRD.

FIELD AND STAFF

OF THE

TWENTY-THIRD REGIMENT, N. Y. V.,

MAY 16, 1861.

- HENRY C. HOFFMAN**....Colonel. Commissioned May 16th, 1861.
- NIROM M. CRANE**....Lieutenant-Colonel. Commissioned May 16th, 1861. Appointed Assistant Inspector-General of 1st Army Corps on Gen. Reynolds' staff, Nov. 3d, 1862. Returned to Regiment in February, 1863.
- WILLIAM M. GREGG**....Major. Commissioned May 16th, 1861.
- WILLIAM W. HAYT**....Adjutant, with rank of 1st Lieutenant. Commissioned May 16th, 1861.
- MYRON H. MANDEVILLE**....Quartermaster, with rank of 1st Lieutenant. Commissioned May 16th, 1861. Promoted to Captain and Assistant Quartermaster-General of 1st Division 1st Army Corps on General Wadsworth's staff, Nov. 18th, 1862.
- SEYMOUR CHURCHILL**....Surgeon, with rank of Major. Commissioned, May 16th, 1861. Resigned. and discharged by order of Gen. McDowell, June 23d, 1862.
- WILLIAM A. MADILL**....Assistant Surgeon. Commissioned as 1st Lieutenant May 16th, 1861. Promoted Surgeon and Major Aug. 7th, 1862.
- EZRA F. CRANE**....Chaplain. Commissioned May 16th, 1861. Resigned Jan. 26th, 1862.
- ARCHIBALD N. DEVOE**....Sergeant Major. Appointed May 16th, 1861. Promoted to 2d Lieutenant and assigned to Company H May 7th, 1862.

HIRAM SMITH....Quartermaster Sergeant.. Appointed May 16th, 1861.
Promoted to 2d Lieutenant and assigned to Company E
April 2d, 1862.

MILES TERRILL....Drum Major. Appointed May 16th, 1861. Dis-
charged by order of War Department Nov. 8th, 1862.

JULIUS C. SMEAD....Fife Major. Appointed May 16th, 1861. Dis-
charged by order of the War Department Nov. 8th, 1862.

JAMES DeBOIS....Appointed Chaplain in place of E. F. Crane. Re-
signed Jan. 26th, 1862.

THOMAS H. STILWELL....Assistant Surgeon with rank of 1st Lieuten-
ant. Commissioned Sept. 18th, 1862. Joined this Regi-
ment Oct. 4th, 1862.

WILLIAM TAYLOR....Assistant Surgeon with rank of 1st Lieutenant.
Commissioned Oct. 4, 1862. Joined this Regiment Nov. 3d,
1862.]

Original Roll of Company A, and Record of Changes made during Two Years' Service.

1. THEODORE SCHLICK. . . . Captain, received commission April 30, 1861.
2. CORNELIUS F. MOWERS. . . . 1st Lieutenant, received commission April 30th, 1861. Resigned Nov. 28th, 1861.
3. GEORGE E. BILES. . . . 2d Lieutenant, received commission April 30th, 1861. Resigned Nov. 12th, 1861.
1. Benjamin Bennett. . . . 1st Sergeant. Appointed April 30th, 1861. Promoted 1st Lieutenant Nov. 28th, 1861.
2. Frederick Arnd. . . . 2d Sergeant. Appointed April 30th, 1861. Transferred to 1st N. Y. Cavalry Sept. 2d, 1861.
3. John S. Tennicliiff. . . . 3d Sergeant. Appointed April 30th, 1861. Promoted 2d Lieutenant Nov. 12th, 1861. Resigned Oct. 14th, 1862.
4. Joseph Futher. . . . 4th Sergeant. Appointed April 30th, 1861.
1. Luke N. Beagle. . . . 1st Corporal. Appointed April 30th, 1861. Discharged for disability Sept. 19th, 1861.
2. Henry F. Crante. . . . 2d Corporal. Appointed April 30th, 1861. Promoted to Sergeant Sept. 19th, 1861. Wounded in leg at Antietam, Sept. 17th, 1862. Promoted to 1st Sergeant Jan. 1st, 1863.
3. William B. Kinsey. . . . 3d Corporal. Appointed April 30th, 1861. Promoted to 1st Sergeant Feb. 16th, 1862. Again promoted to Adjutant, 161st N. Y. Vols.
4. John March. . . . 4th Corporal. Appointed April 30th, 1861. Promoted Sergeant May 1st, 1862.
1. Timothy Terrell. . . . The Drummer. Promoted to Sergeant Jan. 1st, 1863.
2. Orrin Andrews. . . . Appointed Corporal Feb. 15th, 1862.
3. Samuel O. Allen.
4. James R. Braden. . . . Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13th, 1862.
5. William H. Brooks. Appointed Corporal Jan. 1st, 1862. Discharged May 23th, 1862, for disability.

6. John W. Boileau.
7. Daniel B. Boileau....Wounded in battle of Antietam, Sept. 17th, 1862. Appointed Corporal Jan. 1st, 1863.
8. John W. Baker.
9. William P. A. Brown.
10. Ornatus D. Bump.
11. Israel A. Beagle
12. Jeremiah V. Bogart....Killed in second battle of Bull Run, Aug. 30th, 1862.
13. David D. Chapin....Wounded in battle of Antietam, Sept. 17th, 1862. Discharged in convalescent camp, date not known.
14. William Caslin.
15. Charles C. Campbell....Discharged for disability Sept. 20th, 1862.
16. James F. Dutton.
17. Eli Decker....Died in camp Dec. 3d, 1861, of typhoid fever.
18. Columbus Dudley.
19. Francis A. Dickinson.
20. David H. Dickinson....Slightly wounded in battle of South Mountain.
21. Augustus S. Fosbury.
22. David Farron....Discharged Aug. 8th, 1861. Re-enlisted Oct. 1st, 1861. Killed in battle of Antietam Sept. 17th, 1862.
23. Henry S. Gustin....Discharged Aug. 8th, 1861, for disability.
24. William Greek.
25. William A. Hopkins.
26. Elisha P. Harr.
27. Samuel B. Hotchkiss.....Wounded in battle of Antietam Sept. 17th, 1862. Appointed Corporal Jan. 1st, 1863.
28. Charles Hush....Appointed Corporal Aug. 1st, 1861. Promoted Sergeant Jan. 1st, 1863.
29. Augustus W. Hyer....Discharged Dec. 5th, 1862, for disability.
30. James H. Hammond.
31. William Jump.
32. Augustus Kellogg.
33. Henry C. Leigh....Appointed Corporal Jan. 1st, 1862.
34. Ebenezer E. Loglay....Lost left fore arm in battle of Antietam, Sept. 17th, 1862. Discharged Nov. 24th, 1862.
35. William March....Killed at Fredericksburg, Va., by the explosion of a powder magazine which he was guarding at the time, May 25th, 1862.
36. Gilbert H. May.
37. Henry Mora. [Dec. 31st, 1861.
38. John M. Mowers....Died at Falls Church Hospital of typhoid fever,

39. William Martin.
40. Helman Neuf.
41. Albert W. Orser.
42. Edward E. Ostrander....Appointed 1st Sergeant Jan. 1st, 1862.
Resigned Feb. 15th, 1862.
43. William Pratt.
44. John J. P. Potter.
45. Mortimer W. Reed....Appointed Corporal Jan. 1st, 1862.
46. George B. Stanford....Appointed Corporal Aug. 1st, 1861. Pro-
moted Sergeant May 20th, 1862. Again promoted, 2d Lieu-
tenant, Oct. 20th, 1862.
47. Charles W. Smith.
48. John R. Sclick....Appointed Corporal Aug. 1st, 1861. Promoted
Sergeant Feb. 15th, 1862.
49. Alpha S. Stanton....Discharged for disability Aug. 13th, 1862.
50. Herkimer Shults....Died Dec. 18th, 1861, in hospital at Falls
Church, of typhoid fever.
51. Whitman Freet.
52. Frank M. Van Wormer....Appointed Corporal Jan. 1st, 1863.
53. Martin L. White....Appointed Corporal May 1st, 1862.
54. William Wales....Discharged for disability Nov. 10th, 1861.
55. John Wilhelm.
56. Seabury Williams....Killed in battle of Antietam, Sept. 17th, 1862.
57. Ira B. Van Gelder....Discharged for disability March 9th, 1863.
58. James P. Topping.

Recruits.

59. Abram S. Mastin....Enlisted June 25th, 1861. Wounded in battle
of Antietam.
60. John McChesney....Enlisted April 23d, 1861.
61. Alexander C. McChesney....Enlisted Oct. 1st, 1861.
62. William M. Terrill....Dishonorably discharged, by order of a
general court-martial.
63. William A. Lowell....Enlisted June 27th, 1861. Discharged for
disability June 4th, 1862.
64. Truman Head....Enlisted June 27th, 1861. Appointed Corporal
Jan. 1st, 1862.
65. Albert H. Halsey....Enlisted May 1st, 1861.
66. Frederick Anch....Enlisted Aug. 17th, 1861.
67. James Baty....Enlisted Aug. 17th, 1861.

68. Horace Ellse....Enlisted Aug. 17th, 1861. Discharged for disability April 28th, 1862.
69. Jonathan Davidson....Enlisted Aug. 17th, 1861. Appointed Corporal Jan. 1st, 1863.
70. James McIntyre....Enlisted Aug. 17th, 1861.
71. William M. Erway....Enlisted Aug. 17th, 1861.
72. Abram S. Gould....Enlisted Aug. 17th, 1861. Wounded at battle of Antietam, Sept. 17th, 1862. Discharged at Elmira in Dec., 1862.
73. Peter Ryan....Enlisted Aug. 17th, 1861. Wounded at South Mountain, Md., Sept. 14th, 1862. Discharged at Elmira, N. Y., in Dec., 1862.
74. William Rutherford....Enlisted Aug. 17th, 1861.
75. Henry C. Flanders....Enlisted Dec. 10th, 1861.

Original Roll of Company F, and Record of Changes made
during Two Years' Service.

1. WILLIAM W. DINGLEDEY....Captain, received commission May 6th, 1861.
2. MELVILL C. WILKINSON....1st Lieutenant, received commission May 6th, 1861. Resigned Nov. 12th, 1861.
3. SAMUEL N. BENEDICT....2d Lieutenant, received commission May 6th, 1861. Promoted 1st Lieutenant Nov. 7th, 1861.
1. George V. R. Merrill....1st Sergeant. Appointed May 6th, 1861. Appointed Medical Cadet, and ordered to Fortress Monroe, Oct. 1st, 1861.
2. Horace H. Peters....2d Sergeant. Appointed May 6th, 1861, Acting Brigade Commissary Sergeant from Nov. 12th, 1861. until June 2d, 1862. Rejoined the Company June 4th, 1862.
3. James B. Bowker....3d Sergeant. Appointed May 6th, 1861. Promoted 1st Sergeant Oct. 1st, 1861. Again promoted, 2d Lieutenant, Nov. 7th, 1861. Slightly wounded at Bull Run, Aug. 30th, 1862.
4. James H. Smith....4th Sergeant. Appointed May 6th, 1861. Promoted 1st Sergeant Jan. 1st, 1862. Resigned the position June 30th, 1862.
1. Orlando C. Patrick....1st Corporal. Appointed May 6th, 1861. Resigned, and was detached in battery B 4th Artillery, June 8th, 1862. Ordered to return to Company Feb. 8th, 1863; is sick in hospital.
2. Byron D. Fitch....2d Corporal. Appointed May 6th, 1861. Appointed Regimental Postmaster July 18th, 1861.
3. Almon M. Sheardown....3d Corporal. Appointed May 6th, 1861. Resigned to give place for a tall corporal, as there was none in the Company. Discharged for disability Sept. 1st, 1861.
4. Marcus E. Moses....4th Corporal. Appointed May 6th, 1861. Resigned, and was detached in 1st New Hampshire Battery, June 25th, 1862. Returned to Company Feb. 8th, 1863.

THE HISTORY OF THE

... of the ...

... of the ...

1. John S. Allen....Discharged for disability March 6th.
2. Elias Algair....Wounded in the neck and in finger at Ball's Cross Roads, Aug. 27th, 1861. Served as teamster at brigade, division, or corps headquarters since Sept. 9th, 1861. Returned to Company March 30th, 1863.
3. Henry Argetsinger.
4. John W. Austin....Detached to battery B 4th Artillery, Nov. 30th, 1861. Returned to Company Feb. 8th, 1863.
5. Christopher Brennan....Detached in battery B 4th Artillery, Nov. 30th, 1861. Died at Falmouth, Va., of congestion of the brain, July 4th, 1862.
6. William Beck....Detached in 104th Pennsylvania Battery, 9th Army Corps, June 25th, 1862.
7. Henry N. Benton.
8. Julius M. Berry....In general hospital since May, 1862.
9. Martin Brien....Discharged for disability, March 1st, 1861.
10. Henry Brown....Detached in battery B 4th Artillery, June 8th, 1863. Killed at his post in battle of Antietam, Sept. 17th, 1862.
11. Nelson Brown.
12. William H. Brown....Detached in 104th Pennsylvania Battery, 9th Army Corps, June 25th, 1862.
13. John L. Campbell.
14. Daniel Chase.
15. Alsop L. Corwin.
16. James Chriscaden.
17. William L. Chriscaden....Discharged for disability April 5th, 1862.
18. Thomas Carroll....Appointed Corporal Aug. 1st, 1861. Killed by a bullet passing through his body in a skirmish at Ball's Cross Roads, Aug. 17th, 1861.
19. William H. Dunn....Discharged for disability Nov. 14th, 1861.
20. James Dunn....Appointed Corporal March 1st, 1863.
21. William H. Decker.
22. James Dildine.
23. Albert Easton....Detached in battery B 4th Artillery, June 8th, 1862. Returned to Company Feb. 8th, 1863.
24. Timothy M. Gillen....Appointed Corporal Aug. 1st, 1861. Wounded in leg at South Mountain, Md., Sept. 14th, 1862. Returned to duty in January, 1863.
25. Fernando C. Garr.
26. Henry H. Garr....Detached in battery B 4th Artillery, March 2d, 1862. Returned to Company Feb. 8th, 1863.
27. Charles Hoyt.

28. Norman F. Hoyt....Appointed Corporal Aug. 1st, 1861.
29. David Howland....Drummer. Discharged Feb. 6th, 1863.
30. John P. Inman....Appointed tall Corporal in place of Sheardown, resigned. Appointed Sergeant Sept. 18th, 1862; struck by a bullet at Fredericksburg, Dec. 13th, 1862 (not wounded).
31. Artemus D. Inman.
32. Charles G. Lewis....Discharged March 1st, 1862.
33. Robert G. Lyon.
34. Hiram A. McGraw.
35. Samuel McManus....Detached in battery B 4th Artillery, June 8th, 1862. Returned to Company Feb. 8th, 1863.
36. George F. Mitchell....Wounded in hand at Bull Run, Aug. 30th, 1862. Lost second finger of left hand. Returned to duty Jan. 22d, 1863.
37. Oscar Nelson....Appointed Corporal Oct. 1st, 1861. Received a pistol-ball in his leg which lodged in the knee-joint, by accidental discharge while in camp near Fredericksburg, April 30th, 1862. Has been in hospital since. unfit for duty.
38. Edward O'Brien....Detached in battery B 4th Artillery, Nov. 30th, 1861. Appointed Corporal, and acted as such until discharged for consumption. July 10th, 1862.
39. William R. Parrish....Discharged for disability Feb. 7th, 1863.
40. Thomas N. Pitts.
41. Charles A. Pitts....Discharged Nov. 14. Cause, sickness. Re-enlisted Dec. 31st, 1861.
42. William H. Pound.
43. Lewis Putnam....Detached to battery B 4th Artillery, Nov. 30th, 1861. Returned to duty Feb. 8th, 1863.
44. Edwin J. Rogers....Appointed Corporal Aug. 1st, 1861.
45. John H. Redfield....Appointed Corporal Jan. 17th, 1863.
46. Clarkson H. Reeser.
47. William R. Roberts....Detached in 1st New Hampshire Battery, June 25th. Returned to duty Feb. 8th, 1863.
48. David Stedje....Enlisted as a fifer: went into the ranks Jan. 1st, 1862. Appointed Corporal July 1st, 1862.
49. Antoine F. Sabourine.
50. John S. Shappee....Discharged because of sickness. Died the next night after reaching home.
51. Julius Schall....Sick in hospital at Washington.
52. George C. Smith....Detached in battery B 4th Artillery, March 2d, 1862. Returned to Company Feb. 8th, 1863.
53. Alva Spencer.

- 54. Ira M. Slawson....Detached in battery B 4th Artillery, Nov. 30th, 1861. Returned to Company Feb. 8th, 1863.
 - 55. Rodney Stevens.
 - 56. Harris Tabor.
 - 57. Charles Thomas.
 - 58. George Van Gorder.
 - 59. Isaac Varian.
 - 60. Lawrence Van Vliet....Discharged for disability June 24th, 1862.
 - 61. David Ward....Remained in hospital sick since May 24th, 1862.
 - 62. Leroy Wiborn.
 - 63. William Woodhouse....Detached in battery L 1st N. Y. Artillery, Sept. 30th, 1862. Returned to Company Feb. 8th, 1863.
 - 64. Eli Wright....Appointed Sergeant Aug. 1st, 1861. Promoted 1st Sergeant July 1st, 1862.
 - 65. Jason Wright....Appointed Corporal Jan. 1st, 1862.
 - 66. Jesse Zarr....Detached in battery B 4th Artillery, March 2d, 1862. Returned to Company Feb. 8th, 1863.
-

Recruits.

- 67. Ezra L. Benton....Enlisted Oct. 3d, 1861. Wounded in shoulder while on picket at Fredericksburg the night of Dec. 13th, 1862.
- 68. Marvin C. Bennett....Enlisted Oct. 3d, 1861. Died at Falls Church Hospital of fever, March 16th, 1862.
- 69. Charles Cassady....Enlisted Oct. 18th, 1861. Slightly wounded in battle of Antietam.
- 70. Robert Concklin....Enlisted Sept. 17th, 1861.
- 71. Lyman Corner....Enlisted Oct. 18th, 1861. Discharged for disability Nov. 1st, 1862.
- 72. Myles W. Jenckins....Enlisted October 2d, 1861.
- 73. John A. Jackson....Enlisted Dec. 31st, 1861.
- 74. George Jakely....Enlisted Oct. 22d, 1861. Discharged Nov. 19th, 1861.
- 75. Johnson Little....Enlisted Sept. 18th, 1861.
- 76. William Mitchell....Enlisted Oct. 14th, 1861.
- 77. William Northrup....Enlisted Dec. 31st, 1861. Slightly wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17th, 1862.
- 78. Joseph Randall....Enlisted Oct. 14th, 1861. Detached in battery B 4th Artillery, Nov. 30th, 1861. Returned to Company Feb. 8th, 1863.

79. Leonard Stedge....Enlisted Oct. 19th, 1861. Discharged Feb 17th, 1863.
80. William H. Tice....Enlisted Sept. 30th, 1861.
81. Charles W. Tice....Enlisted Dec. 31st, 1861. Wounded at battle of Antietam in the leg. Amputation necessary. Died at Keedysville, Md., Oct. 5th, 1862. A faithful soldier.
82. George S. Whitlock....Enlisted Sept. 20th, 1861. Has been in hospital since Aug. 9th, 1862.

Original Roll of Company D, and Record of Changes made during Two Years' Service.

1. LUZERN TODD....Captain, received commission May 1st. 1861.
2. NEWTON T. COLBY....1st Lieutenant, received commission May 1st, 1861. Resigned May 15th, 1862.
3. WILLIAM H. JONES....2d Lieutenant, received commission May 1st, 1861. Promoted 1st Lieutenant May 15th, 1862. Wounded in battle of Antietam Sept. 17th. 1862.
1. Delos C. Sherwood....1st Sergeant. Appointed May 16th, 1861.
2. Henry Vitt....2d Sergeant. Appointed May 16th, 1861.
3. William H. Messenger....3d Sergeant. Appointed May 16th, 1861. Discharged Dec. 10th, 1861, for disability.
4. Robert J. Barnard....4th Sergeant. Appointed May 16th, 1861. Taken prisoner at Bull Run. Aug. 30th, 1862, parolled. Exchanged, and returned to duty in Nov., 1862.
1. Ebin E. Crocker... 1st Corporal. Appointed May 16th, 1861, Color Guard. Appointed Sergeant Aug. 15th. 1862.
2. Herman C Howell....2d Corporal. Appointed May 16th, 1861. Discharged Aug. 9th, 1861, for disability.
3. Joseph A. Ball....3d Corporal. Appointed May 16th, 1861. Wounded in battle of Antietam Sept. 17th, 1862. Amputation of arm necessary. Discharged Sept. 5th, 1862.
4. Lewis W. Crawford....4th Corporal. Appointed May 16th, 1861. Promoted to Sergeant March 27th, 1863.
1. Nelson Jones....Drummer.
2. Alfred Nash....Detached in battery B 4th Artillery, June 8th, 1862. Removed to Company Feb. 8th, 1863.
3. Albert R. Crandall....Appointed Corporal Aug. 1st, 1861. Promoted Sergeant Jan. 1st, 1862.
4. William H. Mott....Discharged Jan. 15th, 1863.
5. George Platt.
6. Timothy Dean....Detached in battery B 4th Artillery, Dec. 4th, 1861. Returned to Company Feb. 7th, 1863.

7. William Whitford.
8. Frederick Berling....Discharged for disability March 1st, 1862.
9. John Inscho.
10. Elias W. Palmer.
11. Henry Van Campen....Taken prisoner Aug. 28th, 1852. Exchanged. Re-enlisted in 14th Regiment United States Infantry Dec. 15th, 1862.
12. George Johnson....Detached in battery B 4th Artillery, March 2d, 1862. Returned to Company Feb. 7th, 1863.
13. Nelson Louce....Regimental teamster.
14. Charles H. Crandall.
15. Asa A. Carmer....Detached in battery B 4th Artillery, March 2d, 1862. Returned to Company Feb. 7th, 1863.
16. Charles N. Mance....Detached in battery H 104th Pa. Artillery, June 25th, 1862.
17. David Van Etten.
18. Francis C. Deree....Discharged April 8th, 1862, for disability.
19. John Donlava.
20. Ebenezer L. Martin....Taken prisoner at Gainesville, Aug. 30th, 1862. Parolled, exchanged, and returned to duty Dec. 12th, 1862.
21. Henry C. Lacey....Mounted Orderly for Gens. Wadsworth, Patrick, and Paul. Returned to Company in Feb., 1863.,
22. Andrew B. Kelley....Detached in battery B 4th Artillery, Dec. 4th, 1861. Returned to Company Feb. 8th, 1863.
23. William H. Marcy....Appointed Corporal Sept. 18th, 1862.
24. Oliver J. Thomas....Appointed Corporal March 18th, 1863.
25. Henry Brown....Discharged in June, 1862.
26. Edward H. Miles....Wounded in the hand by accidental discharge of musket while returning from picket duty. Discharged March 6th, 1862.
27. Ellis Randall....Wounded in hand at Antietam Sept. 17th, 1862. Discharged March 27th, 1863.
28. Erastus F. Thrall....Discharged for disability Aug. 1st, 1861.
29. Alexander J. Jaynes....Died Dec. 15th, 1861, at Falls Church, of fever.
30. Harlow Arms....Died at Belle Plain, Va., March 24th, 1863.
31. Jacob H. Brown.
32. Isaac Miles.
33. Peter Caulkins.
34. David B. Solman.
35. James K. Rathbone.
36. Peter McNiell....Discharged for disability, May 31st, 1862.

37. Jacob H. Wolcott....Appointed Corporal Dec. 5th, 1862.
38. Parker McIntosh.
39. Abram Duvall.
40. Orazene May....Discharged for disability Dec. 30th, 1861.
41. David J. Perene....Supposed killed at Rappahannock Station,
Aug. 21st, 1862.
42. William Byxbe....Wounded in the side at Antietam. Returned to
Company for duty Dec. 28th, 1862.
43. Henry Bedard.
44. John W. Hall....Discharged for disability, March 24th, 1862.
45. William E. Barrett....Wounded at Bull Run Aug. 30th, 1862.
46. Thomas Jones.
47. William H. Cobb.
48. Ezra M. Royce....Appointed Corporal Aug. 1st, 1861. Taken
prisoner at Antietam. Exchanged and returned to the Com-
pany in March, 1863.
49. Henry McKinney.
50. Thomas Chambers.
51. Theodore H. Merithew....Appointed Corporal. August 9th, 1861.
52. George E. Lacey....Detached in battery B 4th United States Ar-
tillery, Dec. 4th, 1861. Returned to Company Feb. 8th,
1863.
53. John M. Heath.
54. Amal Hinckly....Taken prisoner at Gainesville, Va., Aug. 28th,
1862. Returned to duty Jan. 31st, 1863.
55. Charles J. Chatfield....Appointed Corporal Aug. 4th, 1861,
wounded in battle of Bull Run Aug. 31st, 1862.
56. Albert B. Davenport....Appointed Corporal Aug. 1st, 1861.
57. George C. Seamans....Transferred to 3d Penn. Cavalry, Nov. 3d,
1861.
58. William P. Hogarty....Detached to battery B 4th Artillery, Dec.
4th, 1861. Lost an arm in battle of Fredericksburg Dec.
13th, 1862 ; since discharged.
59. William H. Minick.
60. Stephen Blain.
61. Andrew J. Woodward....Discharged July 24th, 1861 ; is 1st Lieu-
tenant in 86th Regiment New York Volunteers.
62. William H. Gitchell.
63. Cyrus Kellogg....Appointed Sergeant Aug. 1st, 1861. Promoted
2d Lieutenant May 15th, 1862.
64. David H. Russell.
65. Charles E. Clute.
66. Thomas J. Decker.

Recruits.

67. William E. Chitterling....Enlisted July 1st, 1861.
68. Josiah Tonax....Enlisted Aug. 19th, 1861. Discharged June 14th, 1862.
69. Joseph Pitts....Enlisted Aug. 19th, 1861.
70. Jesse C. May....Enlisted Aug. 19th, 1861. Nurse in regimental hospital.
71. John Rice....Enlisted Aug. 19th, 1861.
72. Frederick Anch....Enlisted Aug. 16th, 1861. Transferred to Company A 23d Regiment New York Volunteers.
73. Asa L. Whipple....Enlisted Aug. 19th, 1861. Deserted Sept. 2d, 1862.
74. Edwin C. English....Enlisted Oct. 14th, 1861. Discharged Nov. 1st, 1862.
75. John C. Gorton....Enlisted Oct. 14th, 1861. Appointed Corporal Dec. 10th, 1861.
76. John M. Collier....Enlisted Sept. 23d, 1861.
77. Jerome Gorton....Enlisted Oct. 14th, 1861. Supposed killed at Antietam Sept. 17th, 1862.
78. Minor N. Beeman....Enlisted Oct. 14th, 1861.
79. William J. Palmer....Enlisted Oct. 23d, 1861. Discharged.
80. James A. Gilbert....Enlisted Oct. 15th, 1861.
81. Samuel E. Woolcott....Enlisted Oct. 27th, 1861. Discharged.
82. Samuel H. Smith, Jr....Enlisted Oct. 18th, 1861. Discharged.
83. Dewit C. Johnson....Enlisted Oct. 18th, 1861. Detached in battery B 4th Artillery, March 2d, 1862. Returned to duty Feb. 8th, 1863.
84. George P. Meigs.....Enlisted Oct. 14th, 1861.
85. Jackson Gorton....Enlisted Oct. 18th, 1861.
86. William O'Brien....Enlisted Sept. 29th, 1861. Discharged for disability Jan. 29th, 1863.
87. Gilbert F. Bishop....Enlisted Oct. 18th, 1861. Discharged for disability June 17th, 1862.
88. Amos P. Beeman....Enlisted Oct. 18th, 1861.
89. Lewis A. Durand....Enlisted Oct. 8th, 1861.
90. William H. Baker....Enlisted Sept. 20th, 1861. Transferred to Company G.
91. Leland S. Breese....Enlisted Sept. 27th. Discharged for disability Dec. 17th, 1862.
92. Rufus B. Youngs....Enlisted Sept. 23d, 1861.
93. Schuyler H. McIntosh....Enlisted Sept. 27th, 1861. Discharged for disability June 13th, 1862. [1862.
94. John Wygant....Enlisted Sept. 23d, 1861. Deserted Oct. 25th,

95. Henry E. Gilbert....Died at Falls Church, Va., of typhoid fever,
Dec. 1st, 1862.
96. Dennis K. Gilbert....Enlisted Oct. 18th, 1861.
97. Rudolph Bonchur....Enlisted Sept. 28th, 1861. Died Dec. 14th,
1862.
98. Charles P. Quick....Enlisted Feb. 20th, 1862.
99. Arthur A. Brown....Enlisted Sept. 21st, 1861. Wounded in hand
at South Mountain Sept. 14th, 1862. Discharged Dec. 5th,
1862.
100. James O. M. Russell....Enlisted Sept. 19th, 1861.

Original Roll of Company I, and Record of Changes made
during Two Years' Service.

1. JAMES H. CHAPMAN....Captain, received commission May 13th, 1861.
2. A. O. DURLAND....1st Lieutenant. Mustered into service May 16th, 1861. Received commission June 25th, 1861.
3. SAMUEL W. CASS....2d Lieutenant, received commission May 13th, 1861.
1. Jacob Thompson....1st Sergeant. Appointed May 13th, 1861. Wounded in the leg at Fredericksburg Dec. 14th, 1862. Returned to duty Feb. 21st, 1863.
2. George E. Hurd....2d Sergeant. Appointed May 13th, 1861.
3. Calvin W. Smith....2d Sergeant. Appointed May 13th, 1861.
4. C. Mortimer Woodward....4th Sergeant. Appointed June 25th, 1861. Wounded at the battle of Antietam.
1. W. L. Norton....1st Corporal. Appointed May 13th, 1861.
2. Luther S. Townsend....2d Corporal. Appointed May 13th, 1861. Taken prisoner Nov. 8th, 1861, while on picket. Exchanged after long confinement, and returned to duty Oct. 12th, 1862.
3. Robert Kennedy....3d Corporal. Appointed May 13th, 1861.
4. Benjamin J. Bond....4th Corporal. Appointed May 13th, 1861. Promoted Sergeant Aug. 1st, 1861.
1. George C. Ames....Mortally wounded in battle of Antietam Sept. 17th, 1862. Died Oct. 7th, 1862.
2. John Brown....Wounded at Antietam.
3. Abraham Becker.
4. James S. Ball
5. Andrew J. Cure.
6. Ira F. Cornell....Wounded in battle of Antietam.
7. A. Monroe Coborn....Promoted to Corporal April 20th, 1863.
8. George H. Cassons....Appointed Corporal Aug. 1st, 1861. Wounded in the face by a piece of shell at Fredericksburg Dec. 12th, 1862.

9. Jacob Coon.
10. Daniel Collins.
11. William O. Daniels....Wounded in the hand by piece of shell at Rappahannock Station Aug. 21st, 1862. Discharged in Dec., 1862.
12. George H. Dickens.
13. Frank S. Dimond....Slightly wounded in the head by a piece of shell at Fredericksburg Dec. 13th, 1862.
14. Truman B. Dennis.
15. Addison B. Dart....Discharged for disability Oct. 19th, 1862.
16. Charles M. Everts....Sick in hospital April 13th, 1863.
17. George W. Fury....Wounded in battle of Antietam. Discharged Dec. 2d, 1862.
18. David Hovencamp....Appointed Corporal Aug. 1st, 1861.
19. Silas Hovencamp.
20. Richard B. Hurd....Left at hospital in Elmira, and afterward joined the Fiftieth Regiment, New York Engineers. Killed by a shell at Fredericksburg Dec. 13th, 1862.
21. William E. Howard.
22. Edward D. Hall.
23. Thomas Heade....Deserted in the month of April, 1862.
24. James Hanly.
25. Charles Hoyt....Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17th, 1862.
26. Orlando Kelley....Discharged in January, 1863.
27. Patrick Gillespie.
28. Jacob J. Amidon....Detached in One Hundred and Fourth Pennsylvania Battery, with Ninth Army Corps.
29. Sylvanus Lang.
30. Frank Mathews.
31. Hiram C. Miller.
32. Francis Mayock.
33. Samuel G. Pruden....Discharged for disability Nov. 16th, 1861.
34. Oliver H. Pruden....Left in hospital at Elmira, and has not joined
35. Andrew J. Pound. [the Company.
36. William R. Paulding.
37. William H. Price.
38. James R. Putnam.
39. Edwin Perry.
40. Charles E. Rolison.
41. John F. Rolison.
42. John A. Ringer.
43. George W. Langdon....Wounded at South Mountain Sept. 13th, 1862. In hospital. Returned to duty April 27th, 1863.

44. William E. Smith.
45. Samuel A. Smith....Appointed Corporal Aug. 1st, 1861.
46. Henry H. Sayler....Discharged by order of medical examiners.
47. John J. Sayler.
48. Samuel M. Seamans....Discharged Jan. 14th, 1863.
49. Caleb W. Story.
50. William Sreeves.
51. Edgar L. Slaight....Discharged Feb. 7th, 1863.
52. James P. Skinner....Deserted Aug. 30th, 1862. Returned to his Company in April, 1863.
53. Sydney A. Shewman.
54. C. Meridith Woodward....Detached in Subsistence Department since June, 1862. "Corporal from Aug., 1861."
55. Albert T. Wightman.
56. James W. Wightman
57. Charles A. Welding.
58. Thomas R. White.
59. Thomas H. Wheeler....Taken prisoner while on picket duty Nov. 8th, 1861. After long confinement in Richmond and elsewhere, was exchanged and returned to duty Oct. 12th, 1862.
60. Austin Whitaker....Appointed Corporal Aug. 1st, 1861. Promoted Commissary Sergeant in Dec., 1862.
61. Albert Wescott....Discharged by order of medical examiners Sept. 12th, 1861.
62. John H. Woodward....Promoted Commissary of Subsistence U. S. A., with rank of Captain.
63. John Ward.
64. Henry Wallenback.
65. Francisco D. Webb.
66. Thomas Van Horn....Died at Falls Church Hospital of typhoid fever Dec. 21st, 1861.

Recruits.

67. Robert H. Dennis....Enlisted March 28th, 1862.
68. George Youngs....Enlisted April 7th, 1862. Died Aug. 1st, 1862.
69. Charles Youngs....Enlisted April 8th, 1862.

Original Roll of Company C, and Record of Changes made during Two Years' Service.

1. SUMMER BARSTOW.... Captain, received commission April 30th, 1861.
Wounded in the head by the ball of a musket accidentally
discharged while on the march, Aug. 27th, 1862. Resigned,
Feb. 16th, 1863.
2. MOSES M. VAN BENSCHOTEN.... 1st Lieutenant, received commis-
sion April 30th, 1861. Promoted Captain Feb. 16th, 1863,
vice Barstow resigned.
3. CHARLES O. DURLAND.... 2d Lieutenant, received commission April
30th, 1863. Promoted 1st Lieutenant Feb. 16th, 1863, *vice*
Van Benschoten promoted.
1. William V. Baily.... 1st Sergeant. Appointed April 30th, 1861.
Promoted 2d Lieutenant Feb. 16th, 1863, *vice* C. O. Durland
promoted.
2. George Warwick.... 2d Sergeant. Appointed April 30th, 1861.
3. David Baily.... 3d Sergeant. Appointed April 30th. Promoted
1st Sergeant April 3d, 1863, *vice* W. V. Baily promoted.
4. William H. Camp.... 4th Sergeant. Appointed April 30th, 1861.
1. Herbert Jones.... 1st Corporal. Appointed April 30th, 1861.
Promoted Sergeant April 3d, 1863, *vice* D. Baily promoted.
2. William H. Catlin.... 2d Corporal. Appointed April 30th, 1861.
Deserted Nov. 17th, 1861.
3. Major M. Perry.... 3d Corporal. Appointed April 30th, 1861.
4. Nelson J. Wright.... 4th Corporal. Appointed April 30th, 1861.
Died Aug. 29th, 1861, at Arlington, Va.
1. Israel Ferris.... Drummer. Discharged for disability Dec. 30th,
1862.
2. Andrew J. Towner.... Fifer—Acting Fife Major of musicians.
3. Henry J. Brandoe.... Died Nov. 8th, 1862, at Annapolis, Md.
4. James Burke.... Deserted Aug. 16th, 1861.
5. Philander F. Burlingame.
6. Cranston Bliven.... Appointed Sergeant Aug. 1st, 1861.

7. Benjamin W. Brown....Appointed Corporal Aug. 1st, 1861.
8. Lewis B. Clark....Discharged for disability April 24th, 1862.
9. Joseph J. Cole....Appointed Corporal April 3d, 1863.
10. Sylvester Cole.
11. Charles Concklin....Discharged March 1st, 1862, for disability.
12. James Cragg.
13. Walter Curkendoll.
14. Philestus L. Chrispell....Appointed Corporal Aug. 1st, 1861. Two fingers were shot from the right hand by an accidental musket discharge while on picket duty in Nov., 1861. Discharged the service Dec. 20th, 1861.
15. John W. Coons....Discharged for disability Aug. 20th, 1861.
16. Vincent Degroat.
17. Charles F. Degroat.
18. Lewis Degroat....Discharged for disability March 21st, 1862.
19. James A. Dinehart.
20. Robert Dinehart.
21. Marvin J. Drake.
22. Stephen Dean.
23. John Estep.
24. Gersham Fox.
25. Ira A. Gould.
26. Daniel Granger....Discharged for disability Feb. 23d, 1863.
27. Henry Hagadon.
28. William H. Harding.... Discharged for disability March 1st, 1862.
29. Hiram Hubbard.
30. Robert Hunt....Discharged for disability Aug. 20th, 1862.
31. Uriah Hardick.
32. John W. Hazen.
33. Charles Lollis.
34. Lewis Loveland....Discharged for disability Feb. 25th, 1863.
35. James J. Loveliss.
36. Fenurick Low....Deserted Nov. 17th, 1861.
37. William Lollis.
38. Lewis Manning.
39. Israel Marquart....Died at Upton Hill, Va., Nov. 18th, 1861.
40. John H. Merithew....Discharged Nov. 18th, 1862, for disability.
41. George K. Mc Niel....Appointed Corporal Aug. 1st, 1861.
42. George H. Moore....Deserted July 10th, 1862.
43. Charles E. Moran.
44. John Mynhan.
45. Hiram Manse.
46. Hugh Masher.

47. Daniel Ogden....Discharged for disability Oct. 28th, 1861.
 48. Horace Pease.
 49. James Pease....Died at Arlington, Va., Aug. 16th, 1861, of injuries received from a tree falling upon him while chopping in the woods.
 50. Gideon W. Probosco.
 51. Dayton F. Reed.
 52. Marshal S. Rogers. Appointed Corporal Sept. 1st, 1861.
 53. John W. Smith.
 54. Hiram R. Smith.
 55. George W. Truesdell....Discharged for disability, date not known.
 56. Fayette Truesdell....Discharged for disability Oct. 28th, 1861.
 57. John S. Taylor.
 58. Harrison Van Gorder....Appointed Corporal Jan. 1st, 1862.
 59. Lucas Van Denmark.
 60. Joseph L. West....Appointed Corporal Jan. 1st, 1862. Discharged for disability July 8th, 1862.
 61. Kelsey Witse.
 62. Albert G. Wright....Discharged for disability Jan. 3d, 1862.
 63. Henry P. White....Taken prisoner at Bull Run Aug. 30th, 1862. Parolled and exchanged, but has failed to report to Company for duty.
 64. Charles H. Young.
 65. John Zehr.
-

Recruits.

66. Charles News....Enlisted Sept. 26th, 1861.
67. John W. Camp....Enlisted March 31st, 1862. Died Sept. 11th, 1862.
68. William H. Baily....Enlisted March 25th, 1862. Discharged Feb. 5th, 1863.
69. Adelbert M. Tiffany....Enlisted March 15th, 1862. Discharged March 28th, 1863.

Original Roll of Company H, and Record of Changes made
during Two Years' Service.

1. M. C. CLARK.....Captain, received commission May 8th, 1861.
2. A. D. WATERS....1st Lieutenant, received commission May 8th, 1861. Resigned Oct. 1st, 1861.
3. B. B. ANDREWS....2d Lieutenant, received commission May 8th, 1861. Promoted 1st Lieutenant Oct. 1st, 1861. Resigned May 7th, 1862.
1. Stephen N. Larrabee....1st Sergeant. Appointed May 8th, 1861. Resigned the position May 1st, 1862. Appointed Corporal Aug. 30th, 1862. Promoted to Sergeant March 1st, 1863.
2. Cornelius Lancing....2d Sergeant. Appointed May 8th, 1861. Discharged in Jan., 1862.
3. Leonard F. Hathaway....3d Sergeant. Appointed May 8th, 1861. Promoted to 2d Lieutenant Oct. 1st, 1861. Again promoted, 1st Lieutenant, May 7th, 1862.
4. Alvin F. Baily....4th Sergeant. Appointed May 8th, 1861. Discharged for disability June 12th, 1862.
1. Samuel P. Stone....1st Corporal. Appointed May 8th, 1861. Promoted Sergeant May 1st, 1862.
2. Daniel O. Clough....2d Corporal. Appointed May 8th, 1861. Promoted Sergeant Jan. 1st, 1862.
3. Horace W. Ford....3d Corporal. Appointed May 8th, 1861. Died March 31st, 1862.
4. Thomas P. Stanbro....4th Corporal. Appointed May 8th, 1861. Name dropped from the muster roll. Deserter since Feb. 28th, 1863.
1. Benjamin Austin.
2. Henry D. Allen.
3. Arvon N. Albro....Discharged for disability Aug. 8th, 1861.
4. Joseph P. Albro....Appointed Corporal Aug. 1st, 1861. Discharged for disability Jan. 20th, 1863.
5. L. Clinton Ball....Appointed Corporal May 1st, 1862. Promoted to Quartermaster Sergeant Feb. 3d, 1863.

6. Charles Barnes.
7. Daniel Barnes.
8. Parris W. Burnham.
9. Frederick Burrett....Appointed Corporal Aug. 1st, 1861. Promoted Sergeant-Major May 7th, 1862.
10. Stephen Clarewood....Discharged for disability in May, 1862.
11. Edmund Campbell....Wounded in battle of Antietam Sept. 17th, 1862. Died in hospital of his wounds in Nov., 1862.
12. Ira Carpenter....Appointed Corporal May 1st, 1862. Died May 4th, 1862.
13. Charles L. Close.
14. Charles S. Cutting....Discharged for disability Sept. 14th, 1861.
15. Henry Couch....Discharged for disability Oct. 12th, 1861.
16. Henry C. Cooper....Died of fever Dec. 4th, 1861.
17. Melvin W. Diven....Detached in battery L, First New York Artillery, Sept. 21st, 1862. Returned to Company Feb. 8th, 1863.
18. Aaron W. Dunbar....Discharged for disability in May, 1862.
19. Charles Dean....Discharged for disability May 24th, 1862.
20. Richard Donnell....Discharged for disability in Nov., 1862.
21. Dewitt W. Daniels.
22. John J. Dodd....Appointed Corporal Jan. 1st, 1862. Discharged June 12th, 1862.
23. William Decker....Died of fever Dec. 16th, 1861.
24. Thomas Dodd....Appointed Corporal March 1st, 1863.
25. David Dodge.
26. Elias Dodge....Died of fever in January, 1863.
27. Charles Durkee.
28. Charles Etz....Discharged June 15th, 1862.
29. George Ellsworth....Appointed Corporal Feb. 3d, 1863.
30. Thomas Elwell.
31. George W. Edgecomb....Drummer.
32. Albert G. Fry.
33. Norman Francis....Discharged for disability Oct. 12th, 1861.
34. Miner Grant.
35. Silas L. Griswold.
36. Newell Hatch....Discharged for disability April 7th, 1862.
37. George W. Haight.
38. James Harris.
39. Edward Harvey.
40. Chancy L. Judd.
41. Lucius A. Loomis.
42. Lewis J. Lincoln.

43. Loren W. Lincoln....Appointed Corporal March 1st, 1863.
44. Edgar A. Lincoln....Appointed Corporal May 1st, 1862.
45. Alvarado Lancing....Appointed Corporal May 1st, 1862.
46. Darius Linsey....Wounded at Rappahannock Station Aug. 20th, 1862.
47. James W. Manier....Appointed Sergeant Aug. 1st, 1861. Promoted 1st Sergeant May 1st, 1862.
48. Albert McKevitt....Discharged for disability Jan. 24th, 1863.
49. William H. McKevitt.
50. Fergus Moore....Deserted in March, 1862.
51. Charles McCoune....Deserted in March, 1862.
52. Michael P. Masten....Appointed Corporal March 1st, 1863.
53. Charles McDowell.
54. John O'Connor.
55. Dennis O'Donohue....Discharged for disability April 7th, 1862.
56. Palmer Olmstead....Appointed Corporal May 1st, 1862. Dropped from the muster rolls as a deserter from Feb. 28th, 1863.
57. Halmus Peek.
58. Joseph Peek....Discharged for disability Oct. 12th, 1861.
59. William Philips....Discharged for disability Sept. 14th, 1861.
60. John W. Patrick....Appointed Corporal Aug. 1st, 1861. Promoted Sergeant May 7th, 1862.
61. Samuel L. Palmer....Fifer.
62. Lorenzo Sykes....Appointed Corporal Aug. 30th, 1862.
63. John Stebbins....Wounded in ankle at battle of Antietam Sept. 17th, 1862. Discharged in Nov., 1862.
64. Richard L. Simpson.
65. William H. Seamans.
66. Charles F. Sturtevant.
67. Andrew Sturtevant....Appointed Corporal May 1st, 1862.]
68. Lucien B. Squires.
69. Lucius O. Smith....Discharged for disability July 10th, 1862.
70. Hamilton Squires....Died of fever at Upton Hill, Va., Dec. 4th, 1861.
71. John Traver....Discharged for disability in May, 1862.
72. Alfred B. Tuttle.
73. Frederick B. Tiffany....Died of fever at Upton Hill, Va., Dec. 12th 1861.
74. Adelbert M. Taylor....Died of fever at Upton Hill, Va., Dec. 29th, 1861.
75. Nelson Van Hoeson.
76. John Van Zant.
77. Joseph Walton....Discharged for disability Dec. 21th, 1862.



78. George Whiston. . . . Deserted Nov. 15th, 1862.
79. Henry H. White.
80. Horace Williams. . . . Appointed Corporal Jan. 1st, 1862. Promoted
Sergeant May 7th, 1862.
81. William A. Coonrod.
82. Alexander Manier.
83. Henry J. Manier.

Original Roll of Company E, and Record of Changes during
Two Years' Service.

1. GEORGE H. POWERS....Captain, received commission May 6th, 1861. Resigned in March, 1863.
2. JOHN H. PIERCE....1st Lieutenant. received commission May 6th, 1861. Resigned April 2d, 1862.
3. HUGH J. BALDWIN....2d Lieutenant, received commission May 6th, 1861. Promoted to 1st Lieutenant April 2d, 1862.
1. Daniel H. Sharp....1st Sergeant. Appointed May 6th, 1861. Discharged for disability April 8th, 1862.
2. Samuel W. Kelley....2d Sergeant. Appointed May 6th, 1861. Promoted 1st Sergeant June 1st, 1862. Wounded in back and face at Fredericksburg Dec. 13th, 1862. Died in hospital at Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 15th, 1863.
3. Charles W. Brower....3d Sergeant. Appointed May 6th, 1861. Promoted 1st Sergeant Jan. 15th, in place of Samuel Kelley, deceased.
4. Forest H. Payne....4th Sergeant. Appointed May 6th, 1861.
1. Miles Floyd....1st Corporal. Appointed May 6th, 1861.
2. Alfred B. Hicks....2d Corporal. Appointed May 6th, 1861.
3. Charles Monroe....3d Corporal. Appointed May 6th, 1861. Died Sept. 29th, of fever, contracted on picket duty.
4. Henry C. Scott....4th Corporal. Appointed May 6th, 1861.
1. Richard Andrews.
2. George A. Bosworth.
3. Harrison C. Brown....Discharged for disability Aug. 12th, 1861.
4. George W. Brown.
5. Joseph V. Bogart.
6. James V. Bogart.
7. Charles H. Barden.
8. Seely Brink....Appointed Corporal Aug. 1st, 1861.

9. William N. Ball....Appointed Corporal Aug. 1st, 1861. Promoted Sergeant in place of Charles W. Brown, promoted. (Color Guard.)
10. J. Ford Bosworth....Died at Falls Church Hospital, of fever contracted doing picket duty, Sept. 29th, 1861.
11. Edmund Bean.
12. George W. Collins....Wounded at Rappahannock Station, by shell, Aug. 21st, 1862.
13. Benjamin F. Collins.
14. Adelbert Corey.
15. Charles Collins....Appointed Corporal Aug. 1st, 1861.
16. William D. Crans....Appointed Corporal Feb. 15th, 1862.
17. James Curren.
18. Thompson Delany.
19. Benjamin Edwards....Detached in 104th Pa. Battery, 9th Army Corps.
20. Horace G. Edwards....Discharged for disability June, 1861.
21. Leroy Edgecomb....Discharged Feb., 1862. Finger shot off while on picket.
22. Orlando Elwell.
23. Chancy Farley....Discharged Oct, 2d, 1861, for disability.
24. George Faulke.
25. William A. Golloway....Discharged April 18th, 1862, for disability.
26. James Green....Discharged Dec. 6th, 1862, for disability.
27. Eugene Goetchins.
28. Philip Hodges....Appointed Corporal Sept. 28th, 1862.
29. William Howitt.
30. Charles G. Howitt.
31. Samuel Hubbell.
32. Michael Harrigan.
33. Edward M. Jackson....Discharged Feb., 1862. for disability.
34. Samuel H. Knox....Detached in 104th Pa. Battery, 9th Army Corps.
35. Isaac H. Lathrop.
36. Henry Mead.
37. William McCutchin.
38. David H. McIntyre.
39. Henry J. Miller. Appointed Corporal in June, 1862.
40. Andrew V. Miller.
41. Daniel A. Mills.
42. Robert N. Manners....Appointed Corporal in June, 1862.
43. George B. Morgan.

44. William H. Morgan.
 45. William H. Overton.
 46. Stephen W. Olmstead....Appointed Corporal Jan. 15th, in place of Corporal W. N. Ball, promoted.
 47. Hiram Payne....Appointed Sergeant Aug. 1st, 1861.
 48. George Parker....Wounded at Rappahannock Station, by piece of shell, Aug. 21st, 1862.
 49. Theron F. Rhinehart.
 50. Ausel P. Scott....Taken prisoner Aug. 30th at Bull Run, while in charge of Lieut. Bovier, wounded. Exchanged.
 51. George Strauss.
 52. John Strauss....Discharged for disability April 18th, 1862.
 53. Jonas Swain.
 54. William H. Slighter....Discharged for disability in Aug., 1862.
 55. Aaron Slade.
 56. Warren W. Tannery.
 57. Francis A. Tyler....Discharged for disability May 8th, 1862.
 58. Foster Whitaker....Wounded at Bull Run Aug. 30th, 1862.
 59. Orrin M. Wood.
 60. Henry K. Woodard.
 61. Alva E. Woolcott.
 62. Thaddeus H. Woodard.
 63. Charles Whittlesey.
 64. George Weller....Appointed Corporal Aug. 1st, 1861. Promoted Sergeant June 1st. 1862.
 65. Josiah S. Wright....Drummer. Deserted in March, 1862.
 66. Joseph Lyons....Taken prisoner at Bull Run Aug. 30th. Exchanged.
 67. Joseph Knapp....Fifer.
-

Recruits.

68. Guy M. Bosworth....Enlisted Sept. 21st, 1861.
69. Charles Burton....Enlisted Sept. 19th, 1861.
70. Lorenzo Coery....Enlisted Sept. 21st, 1861.
71. Robert McElwain....Enlisted Sept. 16th. 1861.
72. William H. Leonard....Enlisted Sept. 23d, 1861.
73. Theodore Morgan....Enlisted Oct. 2d, 1861.
74. Adelbert Moorhouse....Enlisted Oct. 18th, 1861. Wounded in battle of Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13th, 1862.

75. John W. Parmatin....Enlisted Sept. 20th, 1861. Died of wounds received in battle of Antietam, at Sharpsburg, Md., Oct. 2d, 1862.
76. John G. Strong....Enlisted Sept. 20th, 1861.
77. Frank Slater....Enlisted Oct. 18th, 1861.
78. Charles Tillman....Enlisted Sept. 24th, 1861.
79. Aaron B. Tillman....Enlisted Sept. 19th, 1861.
80. Delos J. Tillman....Enlisted Sept. 21st, 1861.
81. Sayer Wynkoop....Enlisted Oct. 14th, 1861.
82. William D. Waus....Enlisted Sept. 23d, 1861. Wounded at Rappahannock Station Aug. 21st, 1862, by piece of shell.

Original Roll of Company K, and Record of Changes made
during Two Years' Service.

1. NATHANIEL B. FOWLER....Captain, received commission May 6th, 1861.
2. FLORENCE SULLIVAN....1st Lieutenant, received commission May 16th, 1861. Resigned Feb., 1863.
3. RODNEY W. STEELE....2d Lieutenant, received commission May 1st, 1861. Died Dec. 7th, 1861, at his home in Elmira while on furlough, of remittent fever.
1. Duane Thompson....1st Sergeant. Appointed May 16th, 1861. Promoted 2d Lieutenant Jan. 25th, 1862, to fill the vacancy made by the death of R. W. Steele. Again promoted, 1st Lieutenant, March 1st, 1863, to fill the place of F. Sullivan, resigned.
2. Israel Reynolds....2d Sergeant. Appointed May 16th, 1861. Discharged Jan. 12th, 1863, for disability.
3. Lucius W. Bingham....3d Sergeant. Appointed May 16th, 1861. Promoted Commissary Sergeant Aug. 1st, 1861. Again promoted, Quartermaster, with rank of 1st Lieutenant, Dec. 22d, 1862.
4. Judd D. Burt....4th Sergeant. Appointed May 16th, 1861. Promoted 1st Sergeant Jan. 25th, 1862. Appointed 2d Lieutenant March 1st, 1863, to fill vacancy of Duane Thompson, promoted.
1. Joseph M. Roe....1st Corporal. Appointed May 16th, 1861. Has been in general hospital since Oct. 1st, 1862.
2. George N. Clute....2d Corporal. Appointed May 16th, 1861. Promoted Sergeant Jan. 1st, 1862. Promoted to 1st Sergeant March 1st, 1863, in place of Judd Burt, promoted.
3. Thaddeus A. Cowen....3d Corporal. Appointed May 16th, 1861. Promoted Sergeant Aug. 1st, 1861. Discharged for disability Nov. 26th, 1862.
4. Lorenzo Howes....4th Corporal. Appointed May 16th, 1861. Taken prisoner at battle of Bull Run on the night of Aug.

29th, 1862. Exchanged and returned to the Regiment Oct.
30th, 1862. Since then has acted as Brigade Commissary
Clerk.

1. Christopher C. Atkins.
2. Lucius L. Bacon....Died at Columbia College Hospital, of remittent fever, Sept. 6th, 1861. Buried at Soldiers' Home.
3. Daniel G. Beckwith....Wounded at battle of Fredericksburg Dec. 13th, 1862. Left leg taken off by cannon-shot.
4. William H. Betson....Appointed Corporal March 1st, 1863.
5. Wallace W. Brown....Transferred to 1st Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers (Bucktails), promoted to Hospital Steward.
6. David K. Bunnell.
7. John W. Burke....Discharged Oct. 1st, 1861. Died at his home, of consumption.
8. Edmund Crocker....Discharged Oct. 2d, 1862, for disability.
9. Charles A. Chapin....Appointed Corporal Aug. 1st, 1861. Promoted Sergeant March 1st, 1863.
10. Henry C. Coleman....Appointed Corporal Aug. 1st, 1861. Appointed Hospital Warden. Promoted to Brigade Commissary Sergeant.
11. Stephen T. Covell....Appointed Corporal Aug. 1st, 1861. Discharged for disability Dec. 8th, 1862.
12. Simeon Coulp.
13. I. Newton Cowen.
14. Patrick Curtin.
15. Seymour Dexter....Slightly wounded in battle of Antietam. Appointed Corporal March 1st, 1863.
16. George F. Dudley....Discharged for promotion to 1st Lieutenant in 103d Regiment N. Y. Vols. on 22d Feb., 1862.
17. Henry T. Dunn....Discharged Sept. 25th, 1861. Appointed Midshipman U. S. Naval Academy.
18. Levi W. Esslestine....Wounded at battle of Antietam in the knee by cannon-shot.
19. Charles B. Estee.
20. Charles Foster....Detached in 1st N. Y. Battery June 10th, 1862. Returned to Company April 4th, 1863.
21. Alonzo D. Griffin....Appointed Military Telegraph Operator in July, 1861. Died at Fortress Monroe in Feb., 1863.
22. William E. Griffiths....Discharged for disability Feb. 4th, 1863.
23. Daniel B. Harlburt....Discharged for disability June 1st, 1862.
24. Frederick Hamilton....Acting Drum Major of Drum Corps.
25. Simon Q. Howard....Musician. Discharged Dec. 4th, 1862, for disability.

26. Thomas Henderson....Appointed Corporal Aug. 1st, 1861. Promoted Sergeant March 1st, 1863.
27. William S. Jessup....Wounded in the leg at the battle of Fredericksburg Dec. 13th, 1862.
28. Millard G. Johnson....Appointed Corporal Feb. 25th, 1862.
29. Louis H. Kenyon.
30. Michael Lemmon.
31. George E. Lewis....Appointed Corporal March 1st, 1862.
32. David Lyons....Discharged May 8th, 1862, for disability.
33. Richard Long.
34. Richard Lyons....Discharged for disability July 21st, 1862.
35. Frank H. Mandevill....Appointed Brigade Forage Master.
36. J. Edmund B. Maxson....Died at Upton Dale, Va., Feb. 27th, 1862, of hemorrhage occasioned by an accidental pistol-shot wound.
37. William P. Maxson.
38. William Edgar Maxson.
39. Augustus Morse....Has been in general hospital since July 9th, 1862.
40. George W. Myers....Discharged for disability 1st July, 1861.
41. James Murtha.
42. Ira N. McKibben....Appointed Corporal Feb. 25th, 1862. Promoted Sergeant March 1st, 1863.
43. S. G. Hathaway Musgrave.
44. Edmund B. Pickering....Discharged for disability Nov. 14th, 1861.
45. James W. Pickering.
46. John L. Pool....Discharged for disability Dec. 21st, 1861.
47. George W. Parker.
48. Hosea H. Rockwell.
49. James R. Rathbone....Discharged May 4th, 1862, for disability.
50. William H. Robinson....Discharged Jan. 6th, 1862, for disability.
51. Mark Shepherd....Discharged May 15th, 1862, for disability.
52. John W. Sanders.
53. Thomas C. Sanders....Detached in 1st N. H. Battery June 26th, 1862. Taken prisoner at the second battle of Bull Run Aug. 29th, 1862. Rejoined the Company in Jan., 1863.
54. George W. Stratton....Discharged for disability Sept. 25th, 1861.
55. James Simmons....Killed at the battle of Fredericksburg by cannon-shot Dec. 13th, 1862. Buried on the field.
56. Martin B. Spafford.
57. Thomas G. Stall.
58. Lemuel B. Stowell....Has been in general hospital since July 10th, 1862.

59. Charles W. Sweet. . . . Taken prisoner at the second battle of Bull Run, Aug. 30th, while in charge of Lieutenant Bovier, of General Patrick's staff, who was wounded on the night of the 29th Aug., 1862. Rejoined the Company Oct. 31st, 1862.
60. Charles F. Stephens. . . . Discharged June 17th, 1862, for disability.
61. Luin K. Thacher. . . . Discharged March 22d, 1862, for promotion to Adjutant of the 9th Kansas Volunteer Cavalry. Subsequently appointed Major.
62. John C. Todd. . . . Appointed Corporal March 1st, 1863.
63. William B. Torrence. . . . Has been in hospital since May 27th, 1862.
64. Joseph M. Up De Graff. . . . Shot by patrol April 12th, 1862, at Bristo, Va. Buried on the 15th.
65. Robert B. Van Gorder. . . . Appointed Corporal Aug. 1st, 1861. Was wounded in the hand while on picket duty Aug. 14th, 1861. Discharged Dec. 29th, 1862.
66. William M. Walters. . . . Discharged for disability Oct. 29th, 1862.
67. George A. Williams. . . . Appointed Hospital Warden in Feb., 1863.
68. William H. Wood.
69. Henry P. Wormly.
70. Northrup P. Young.

Recruits.

71. Daniel S. Allen.
72. Charles W. Andrews.
73. George Baker. . . . Detached in Battery L 1st N. Y. Artillery, in Nov., 1862. Returned to Company Feb. 8th, 1863.
74. Stephen T. Baker. . . . Has been in general hospital since Oct. 30th, 1862.
75. Marvin Beckwith. . . . Accidentally wounded by a Minie ball through the thigh while on picket in Jan., 1862.
76. John R. Franks.
77. Patrick J. Guinan. . . . Wounded at Fredericksburg battle Dec. 13th, 1862, by piece of shell in the thigh.
78. Michael Grady. . . . Taken prisoner at the battle of Bull Run on the night of Aug. 30th, 1862. Returned to Company Oct. 31st, 1862.
79. George W. Holbert. . . . Discharged for disability March 22d, 1862.
80. George W. Hendershot. . . . Discharged for disability Nov. 28th, 1862.
81. Clinton Robins. . . . Taken prisoner at the battle of Bull Run while in charge of Lieutenant Bovier, of General Patrick's staff,

wounded on the night of the 29th Aug., 1862. Rejoined the Company Oct. 31st. 1862. Wounded at battle of Fredericksburg in the leg by piece of shell.

82. John H. Hicks.
83. Jairus Lamouree.
84. Allen Packard.
85. Justin R. Reamer.
86. Edward E. Rockwell.
87. Thomas W. Oakly....Discharged for disability July 11th, 1862.
88. Samuel W. Searles...Appointed Clerk in Carver Hospital in May, 1862.
89. Charles C. Thompson....Appointed Corporal March 1st, 1863.
90. Emanuel Vandermark....Deserted Dec. 17th, 1861.
91. Charles W. Webster....Discharged Oct. 19th, 1862. on account of injuries received by railroad accident while on his way to the Regiment.

Original Roll of Company G, and Record of Changes made during Two Years' Service.

1. FRANKLIN B. DOTY....Captain, received commission May 9th, 1861.
2. IRA CONE....1st Lieutenant, received commission May 9th, 1861.
3. JOHN PRENTISS....2d Lieutenant, received commission May 9th, 1861.
1. Martin V. Doty....1st Sergeant. Appointed May 9th, 1861. Resigned the position Jan. 1st, 1863. In convalescent camp.
2. Lester D. Hawley....2d Sergeant. Appointed May 9th, 1861. Reduced to the ranks Nov. 1st, 1862. In David's Island Hospital April 3d, 1863.
3. John T. Brigden....3d Sergeant. Appointed May 9th, 1861. Reduced to the ranks Nov. 1st, 1862. In convalescent camp (this date) April 3d, 1863.
4. Theodoric Hallet....4th Sergeant. Appointed May 9th, 1861. Promoted 1st Sergeant Jan. 1st, 1863.
1. Martin V. Zimmerman....1st Corporal. Appointed May 9th, 1861. Promoted Sergeant May 8th, 1862.
2. George W. Miller....2d Corporal. Appointed May 9th, 1861. Promoted Sergeant Nov. 1st, 1862.
3. Chancy Brown....3d Corporal. Appointed May 9th, 1861. Discharged for disability Oct. 7th, 1861.
4. Brewer Collier....4th Corporal. Appointed May 9th, 1861. Taken prisoner at Bull Run Aug. 30th, 1862. Parolled, exchanged, and returned to duty in Dec., 1862.
1. William H. Taylor....Drummer.
- 2: Wilson Jones....Fifer. In hospital, April 3d, 1863.
3. Stephen Arnold....Dishonorably discharged by sentence of a general court-martial.
4. James H. Bennett....Detached in 104th Pennsylvania Battery, June 25th, 1862. Deserted from the battery; is confined at Harper's Ferry.
5. Olin L. Bennett....Killed in battle of Antietam, Md., Sept. 17th, 1862.

6. Dennis Brenien....Wounded in the leg by musket-ball at Antietam, Sept. 17th, 1862.
7. Jesse G. Bowman....Sick in Fort Schuyler.
8. John H. Bellis....Wounded in hip by musket-ball in battle of Antietam.
9. George B. Babcock....Appointed Sergeant Aug. 1st, 1861. Discharged for disability May 8th, 1862.
10. Edwin Colony.
11. John Chubuck....Wounded in arm by musket-ball at Antietam.
12. William H. Clark.
13. Beriah C. Clark....Discharged Jan. 16th, 1863.
14. Stephen Chilson....Detached in battery B 4th Artillery. Returned Feb. 8th, 1863.
15. Alonso M. Crosman....Taken prisoner at Bull Run Aug. 30th, 1862. Sick at Camp Parol, Annapolis, Md., April 3d. 1863.
16. Alfred S. Cramner....Wounded in battle of Antietam, Sept. 17th, 1862. Discharged Jan. 16th, 1863.
17. James A. Derby....Wounded in breast and arm at Bull Run, Aug. 30th. Taken prisoner at Centreville, and parolled by Colonel Flourny, C. A. Exchanged and returned to duty.
18. George Elliott.
19. Ethan A. Edwards....Detached to battery L 1st N. Y. Artillery, Sept. 27th, 1862. Returned to Company, Feb. 8th, 1863.
20. William H. Edminster....Wounded in hip with musket-ball in battle of Antietam. Discharged. Date not known.
21. John F. French....Wounded in arm in battle of Antietam by musket-ball. In hospital at Fort Schuyler, April 3d, 1863.
22. David Fleet....Deserted from hospital Oct. 31st, 1862.
23. Uriah F. Fauver....Died at Fredericksburg, Va., Aug. 7th, 1862.
24. Samuel C. Fauver.
25. William H. Foster.
26. Parker Foster.
27. Levi Force....Appointed Corporal Aug. 7th, 1861. Promoted Sergeant, Nov. 1st, 1862.
28. John Gitchell....Discharged for disability, July 29th, 1861.
29. Marshall Hallett.
30. Elijah Hallett....Appointed Corporal Aug. 1st, 1861. Wounded in battle of Bull Run, Aug. 30th, 1862. Discharged Nov. 18th, 1862.
31. Walter Higgins....Discharged for disability. Aug. 8th, 1861.
32. Charles Hathaway....Detached in battery B 4th Artillery, June 8th, 1862. Wounded in battle of Antietam. Died of his wounds at Smoketown, Md.

33. Charles Harris....Detached in battery B 4th Artillery, June 8th, 1862. Returned to Company, Feb. 8th, 1863.
34. Henry Ives....Detached in 104th Pennsylvania Battery, June 25th, 1862. Wounded in the arm near Sulphur Springs, Va., Nov. 15th, 1862. Arm amputated.
35. Llewellyn Jersey....Appointed Corporal Nov. 1st, 1862.
36. Cash W. Johnson.
37. Beekman D. King....Wounded in the side at the battle of Antietam.
38. George H. Marwain.
39. William T. Moon.
40. Edward Morgan.
41. Reuben C. Morgan....Appointed Corporal Aug. 1st, 1861. Wounded Aug. 30th, at Bull Run. Discharged Dec. 30th, 1862.
42. Charles H. McOmber....Discharged for disability May 21st, 1862.
43. Luke G. Maxson.
44. William H. Manhart.
45. Charles H. McKinney....Appointed Corporal May 8th, 1862. Died Sept. 18th, 1862. of wounds received in battle of Antietam. Sept. 17th, 1862.
46. Ami W. Osgood....Appointed Corporal Sept. 18th, 1862.
47. Anson Prentiss.
48. John Phillips....Discharged for disability Nov. 12th, 1861.
49. Benjamin V. Price....In convalescent camp, Alexandria, April 3d, 1863.
50. John Pawling....Discharged Aug. 8th, 1861, for disability.
51. Robert R. Robinson....Discharged July 23d, 1861. Subsequently died.
52. Freeman Renslow....In convalescent camp, Alexandria, April 3d, 1863.
53. Lorenzo D. Smith.
54. Cornelius P. Smith....Died at Arlington Heights, Aug. 26th, 1861.
55. Joseph Q. Senter.
56. David Sprague....Discharged for disability Oct. 23d, 1861.
57. Alexander Stewart.
58. John T. Skolze.
59. David S. Taylor....Discharged Oct. 17th, 1861.
60. Samuel C. Taylor....Discharged from New York City Hospital for disability.
61. Nathan Thomas....Detached in 104th Pennsylvania Battery, 9th Army Corps, June 25th, 1862.
62. William H. Van Seoter....In hospital (this date), April 3d, 1863.
63. Hudson J. Van Seoter.
64. William K. Wentworth....Appointed Corporal Nov. 1st, 1862.

65. Albert Wheaton....Wounded in the hip at battle of Antietam.
66. Orrin P. Wakefield....Appointed Corporal Aug. 1st, 1861; been
in hospital since May 25th, 1862.
-

Recruits.

67. Henry Hathaway....Enlisted Oct. 1st. 1861.
68. William H. Baker....Transferred from Company D Nov. 1st, 1861.
Discharged Jan. 26th, 1863.
69. Sylvanus A. Zimmerman....Enlisted Aug. 29th, 1862.

Original Roll of Company B, and Record of Changes made during Two Years' Service.

1. MARSHAL M. LOYDON....Captain, received commission April 27th, 1861. Resigned Sept. 23d, 1861.
2. LEMUEL K. BRADLEY....1st Lieutenant, received commission April 27th, 1861.
3. WILLIAM COLE....2d Lieutenant, received commission April 27th, 1861. Promoted Captain Sept. 23d, 1861.
1. Lucien B. Main....1st Sergeant. Appointed April 27th, 1861. Promoted 2d Lieutenant Sept. 23d, 1861. Wounded at Bull Run Aug. 30th, 1862.
2. Leroy D. Setchell....2d Sergeant. Appointed April 27th, 1861.
3. Joseph F. Barker....3d Sergeant. Appointed April 27th, 1861. Wounded at South Mountain Sept. 14th, 1862. Reduced to the ranks Jan. 1st, 1863.
4. Arthur A. Coon....4th Sergeant. Appointed Color-bearer April 27th, 1861.
1. Ansel B. Roberts....1st Corporal. Appointed April 27th, 1861.
2. Erastus W. Willard....2d Corporal. Appointed April 27th, 1861. Promoted Hospital Steward Dec., 1861.
3. Charles E. Coon....3d Corporal. Appointed April 27th, 1861. Discharged for disability Jan. 20th, 1863.
4. James M. Lewis....4th Corporal. Appointed April 27th, 1861.
1. John M. Mason....Musician. Discharged for disability Aug. 10th, 1861.
2. William F. Mason....Musician. Discharged for disability Feb. 17th, 1862.
3. Leonard F. Aldrich.
4. William C. Applebee....Discharged for disability March 9th, 1863.
5. Charles R. Aldrich.
6. Charles J. Allen.
7. Inelson Blakely.
8. Alanson L. Beebe....Died April 20th, 1862.
9. Azel Buckley.

10. Jerome B. Bigelow.
11. Stephen F. Bartle....Appointed Sergeant Aug. 1st, 1861. Promoted 1st Sergeant Jan. 1st, 1862.
12. Elias B. Coats.
13. Charles Carr.
14. Orlando F. Carman.
15. John Coats.
16. Alson L. Durkee.
17. Addison Evans.
18. John H. Eldredge....Appointed Corporal Jan. 1st, 1862. Promoted Sergeant Jan. 1st, 1863.
19. William S. Ebner.
20. Ambrose Foot.
21. Cyrus P. Fuller....Deserted July 3d, 1861.
22. Caleb A. Hotchkiss....Discharged for disability Jan. 16th, 1863.
23. Lyman P. Hotchkiss.
24. Charles O. Halliday.
25. William W. Halliday.
26. Charles F. Hyde.
27. William H. Hall.
28. James Hall.
29. Otice Kingsbury.
30. Orlo T. Kingsbury....Appointed Corporal Aug. 1st, 1861.
31. Edson H. Keller....Discharged for disability Aug. 26th, 1862.
32. Edward Kelley.
33. Lewis M. Lamb.
34. Frank M. Lockwood.
35. Randall Longcore....Discharged for disability Dec. 29th, 1862.
36. Samuel F. McGee....Died of dropsy of the heart Feb. 18th, 1862.
37. Edgar P. Main.
38. Alfonso L. Markee.
39. Harvy Markee.
40. William M. Miner....Discharged for disability Nov. 6th, 1861.
41. William M. Correll....Appointed Corporal Jan. 1st, 1863.
42. Charles M. Correll....Killed in battle of Fredericksburg by shell Dec. 12th, 1862.
43. William Nichols....Discharged for disability April 28th, 1862.
44. Harvy Norton.
45. Frederick Osborn.
46. William A. Odell....Discharged for disability March 9th, 1862.
47. Joseph Otto.
48. Joel S. Otto....Appointed Corporal Jan. 1st, 1863.
49. Stephen H. Peekharn....Appointed Corporal Aug. 1st, 1861. Discharged for disability Nov. 6th, 1862.

50. Samuel S. Randolph....Appointed Corporal Aug. 1st, 1861. Promoted Sergeant Jan. 1st, 1862.
51. Henry D. Sizer.
52. Lewis Stickney.
53. Byron Sturges.
54. Lucien B. Scott....Appointed Corporal Jan. 1st, 1862.
55. Jefferson Scott.
56. Rufus Scott....Discharged Sept., 1862, because promoted Major of 130th Regiment New York Volunteers.
57. Daniel Streeter....Discharged for disability Aug. 6th, 1862.
58. Josiah B. Swartwood....Appointed Corporal Jan. 1st, 1863.
59. Morton Spencer....Wounded in arm at Fredericksburg Dec. 13th, 1862.
60. Eugene G. Snyder....Appointed Corporal Aug. 1st, 1861. Transferred to the regulars in Sept., 1862.
61. James W. Underhill.
62. Robert H. Tucker....Discharged for disability Sept. 17th, 1861.
63. Harvy Van Horn....Discharged for disability Nov. 15th, 1861.
64. Chancy Wells.
65. Addison C. Walker.
66. Marvin A. Wixson.
67. Stephen Wait....Discharged for disability Dec. 29th, 1861.

Recruits.

68. Birnay G. Bartle....Enlisted Aug. 30th, 1862, for 3 years.
69. Samuel F. Burdick....Enlisted Aug. 28th, 1862, for 3 years.
70. Oscar M. Coats....Enlisted Dec. 31st, 1861.
71. Levi F. Compton....Enlisted August 14th, 1862, for 3 years.
72. Charles Foster....Enlisted Aug. 30th, 1862, for 3 years.
73. Delazon A. Jordon....Enlisted Aug. 27th, 1862, for 3 years.
74. James M. Leo....Enlisted Jan. 8th, 1861, for balance of time. Deserted Sept. 7th, 1863.
75. William L. Monagle....Enlisted Dec. 31st, 1861, for balance of time. Drowned in Rappahannock May 10th, 1862.
76. Emmet Merrill....Enlisted Aug. 29th, 1862, for 3 years.
77. Orrin P. Odell....Enlisted Dec. 31st, 1861. Discharged for disability Jan. 17th, 1863.
78. Edwin N. Preston....Enlisted Dec. 31st, 1861, for balance of time. Claimed as a deserter from the 47th Pennsylvania Volunteers.
79. William Pendleton....Enlisted Aug. 30th, 1862, for 3 years.

80. Hendrick W. Shedd....Enlisted Jan. 7th, 1861, for balance of time.
81. Wilson G. Wilcox....Enlisted Aug. 28th, 1862, for 3 years.
82. Henry Wallace....Enlisted Aug. 29th, 1862, for 3 years.
83. Edwin C. Bradley....Enlisted Feb. 5th, 1862, for balance of time.
-

Men started from Elmira for the seat of war July 5th, 1861, 781
Number of recruits received since.....132
Number of officers resigned..... 12
Number of enlisted men discharged175
Number died 32
Number killed and died of wounds received..... 18

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT

OF THE

TWENTY-THIRD REGIMENT, N. Y. V.

BELIEVING that it will not be uninteresting to the general reader, we have endeavored to present a brief record of the MEDICAL DEPARTMENT of this regiment. In the economy of armies the importance of this department has never been properly appreciated. Forming as it does an entirely distinct mission, the unselfish performance of his duties by the medical officer, with an eye only to the successful practice of his art, in the final reckoning he is almost forgotten. We attribute this in a great measure to the unobtrusive nature of his duties. The warrior goes forth in the face of the multitude a candidate for their acclamation or fear of derision; he fulfills his duty. The surgeon faces death in the form of pestilence, and without hope of earthly reward achieves equally great successes.

We offer these few prefatory remarks, that in the gratitude of your heart for the blessings our armies shall bring on the country in the shape of a happy Union, the Army Surgeon may not be forgotten.

Among all of the incidents and minutiae of almost every department of the army which the novelty and nature of the war has made of interest to every home in our land, in my reading I have failed to notice a description of the field duties of the surgeon. It may not be out of place, therefore, to thus preface the medical record.

Our men, wearied with continued marching, collect around their camp fires, for with the twilight come thoughts of home—for this rude circle is a home to each—for the spirits of those who sit silently gazing on the embers follow each spark to some image of sweet remembrance. The day's march has brought them to the gates of the enemy's castle. Orders from headquarters have just been received anticipating a battle. Baggage trains are ordered to the rear, ammunition in full complement distributed to the men, and five days' cooked rations ordered in haversacks. At daybreak we will advance. We take our writing-desk and seek for some quiet nook where we can write home a farewell letter that will be read only in case the morrow shall consummate our earthly destiny. With a universal sentiment all seek solitude for a like purpose.

The "reveille" greets the sun, and after a hasty breakfast the knapsacks are fixed. The Chaplain is now the recipient of more attention than is afforded him on any other occasion, for he will remain behind, and letters, watches, money, and other valuables are intrusted to his care, to be delivered to friends should death change their ownership.

The column begins its march, passing in its course roadside stations, where bands of music brace up the soldier's heart by discourse of enlivening strains. Our progress is interrupted by the mass who have gone

before. The road is choked; the interval serves for rest and, as it seems, reflection. The future has forced the present to examine itself. As we take up our march we find at intervals the roads strewn with *playing-cards* and *Confederate money*, which the men have put off, for should accident befall them, such evidences about them would scarce prompt a eulogy.

We reach a plain fenced in by mountains. Again we halt. We notice a flash from a hill followed by a whizzing sound seeming so uncomfortably near that we all stoop. A bursting shell falls in our midst, and we know the enemy is near. This was but a signal followed by a shower of such missiles around our devoted heads. The recruit, new to realities of war, with stout heart drives back the thrill of terror that will visit the bravest when first called to face death, and that by the fall of the companion by his side.

Until this stage of proceeding the surgeon keeps his place with the regiment; but now that the battle rages he seeks a position near the regiment, but out of range of the batteries, and putting up his red flag awaits his duties. Stretcher-bearers—three to each regiment—remain directly with it, and when their services are needed they convey the wounded to the post where the surgeon is prepared to render temporary aid and forward to the general division hospital for final disposition.

During the progress of the battle, when his regiment is not directly under fire, he frequently reviews them, and daily is required to furnish to the Medical Director of the army a statement of the number and nature of wounds received by those under his charge.

At night active hostilities in the field cease; the sur-

geon repairs to the hospital, and sleep visits him not until the suffering have received all the aid in his power to bestow.

We do not believe it necessary to defend our profession against the calumnies thrust upon army surgeons, averring that a useless heartlessness is exhibited in the performance of their duties, and that the operations on the field are often unnecessary and performed with little regard to the rules of science and teachings of humanity; in every age our profession have silently borne these slurs, knowing they they could only emanate from an ignorant or malicious source; but we feel that full justice will be awarded us by leaving our verdict in the hands of those who best know us—*the soldiers of our army.*

We would call attention to the no less arduous duties of the surgeon in camp. Typhoid, intermittent and remittent fevers, malignant diarrheas and dysentery, will require his constant care, for exposure, lying on the ground, etc., render the soldier always liable to suffer from these diseases. His constant watchfulness is necessary to prevent imposition by men who feign disease to shirk duty.

The almost womanly tenderness with which J. C. May, Henry Coleman, and G. A. Williams performed their duties as hospital nurses entitle them to special notice in this connection, and they will be remembered with affectionate interest by many who, while low with fever, unyielding to the aid science affords, by their careful attention were guided to a successful termination.

The United States Sanitary Commission is entitled to great credit and gratitude for the energetic discharge of its mission. We would not attempt to embody our

thanks in language, but the hearts of thousands whose lives have been spared, and the friends of others whose path to the grave has been made smooth by the friendly exertions of this great charity, will ever pray for the prosperity of its sustainers.

Much might be said of base advantage taken of this charity by unprincipled persons in the army; but as we have no remedy to suggest, we simply refer to it with sorrow to think that such can be.

After a rigid inspection, seven hundred and seventy (770) men were passed by the medical examiner and enlisted, forming the Twenty-third Regiment New York Volunteers. These men had been taken from almost every class of society. A large proportion of them were farmers' sons, while still a goodly number were composed of clerks, students, and others from towns. Strange as it may appear, but proven by facts, those who have lived in the country, and one would suppose become inured to hardships of out-door experience, when exposed to camp life do not thrive as well under the change as the denizens of towns and citizens who have been more tenderly reared. Our regiment, composed, as it is, of a class midway between the exposed farmer and the pampered citizen, entered the service under peculiarly favorable auspices.

At the forming of the regiment, Seymour Churchill, M.D., of Owego, was appointed Surgeon, and William A. Madill, M.D., of Palmyra, Assistant-Surgeon. Under this organization they went into barracks at Elmira. The change of diet and other circumstances of life soon exhibited its results. Measles became epidemic, and over one hundred cases appeared, many of which were complicated with slight attacks of pneumonia. Dysentery also appeared in a mild

form, both of which diseases yielded to the usual remedies.

On the fifth day of July, 1861, the regiment left their barracks and proceeded by railway to the city of Washington, and encamped on Meridian Hill. This camp was situated on a high bluff, facing south. Measles and dysentery continued to afflict the troops, to which was added a stubborn form of diarrhea, two to three hundred cases daily requiring treatment. Fort Runyon, to which the regiment moved its camp, presented a plain, surrounded with marshes. This low, miasmatic district immediately brought with it the diseases resulting from the influence of its poison. Remittent and intermittent fevers of a low type became prevalent, but yielded to simple remedies. The diarrhea remained stubborn, while the measles completely disappeared. From thence the camp was removed to Arlington Heights, on a level plain at an elevation of 200 feet from the level of the river. The camp was made in a dense forest, with heavy underbrush, and a thick deposit of decayed vegetable matter. We remained at this camp about two months, during which time typhoid fever made its appearance. Fifteen cases occurred, two of which died. Diarrhea continued unabated. While at this camp, men were engaged in clearing away wood for the building of a fort, when one man lost his life by the fall of a tree, striking him on the head, causing concussion of the brain. One man died from eating poisoned berries. Also at this camp, the men were engaged much on picket duty. While on this duty several skirmishes took place—the most important, the battle of Cow's Run, in which engagement one man was killed. He was shot by a musket-ball severing the ascending aorta.

Four men were wounded by accidents, two of which were flesh wounds of the arm, one by a musket-ball striking then inth rib, passing around and making its exit under the arm. One lost his right index finger. All of these recovered.

About this time Dr. Madill was presented with a beautiful sword by the members of Company K, in recognition of their appreciation of his services as Assistant-Surgeon.

Sept. 28th, we advanced to Upton Hill; took possession of the rebel works; found them in a very dirty condition. The camp was situated on a side hill and a ravine. Typhoid and typhus fever here made its appearance in a most malignant form. The most rigid police regulations were enforced, but failed to stay the progress of the pestilence; but it increased in number of cases and severity of disease. Eight of these cases were lost while at this camp. Our hospital was first situated in a small house until it became full, when the sick were removed to the large Baptist church in the village of Falls Church. The camp was also removed, the ground having previously been carefully prepared, streets graded, and log huts four feet high erected. Fifteen men died at this camp from disease contracted at Upton Hill, but no new cases occurred after removing the camp. We remained at this camp three winter months. At the advance of the army, the sick of the brigade were left at Falls Church General Hospital, in charge of Surgeon Churchill; and afterward, on the retreat of the army, the sick were removed to Bailey's Cross Roads.

We remained three weeks at this camp. The weather was very rainy, and the men had no protection except that afforded by their shelter-tents. Diar-

rhea of a very violent character weakened the men ; but no cases of fever occurred. One man died at this camp of congestion of the brain. At camp at Briston, where we remained ten (10) days, was a rough, rocky hillside. The men still had nothing but their shelter-tents to protect them from one of the most violent storms that ever visited this part of the country. For sixty-two consecutive hours the rain, hail, and snow fell unceasingly. Fevers and diarrhea in great numbers invested the regiment after this storm. On the march to Fredericksburg, which immediately followed, there were more men unable to march than our ambulances could accommodate. The camp before Fredericksburg was a side hill, and the weather was cold and stormy. Malignant fevers increased, and diarrhea diminished. No evidence of acclimation appeared until the weather became settled. We remained at this camp two weeks, during which two deaths occurred—one of apoplexy, and one of typhoid fever.

From this time the weather became more settled, and the health of the regiment increased. Our regiment crossed the river to Fredericksburg and went into cantonments, where we remained one month. The general health continued good. One man was killed by the explosion of a torpedo in the rebel arsenal.

The regiment moved to Massaponix Creek, camped three days, and returned to Catlett Station, when Dr. Churchill resigned, leaving the regiment in sole charge of Assistant-Surgeon Madill. As the regiment moved to Haymarket they suffered much from the intense heat, and four men were sun-struck. At this place Colonel Hoffman was taken sick, and had to be conveyed in an ambulance. To Warrenton, thence back to

Catlett Station, thence to Dry Saw Mill, where we encamped two weeks, and thence to camp before Fredericksburg to Camp "Rufus King." During all this time the health of the regiment continued good. Our camp in a few days was removed to the bank of the river, in a dirty camp on the George Washington farm. Fevers again appeared. While at this camp one man died of impacted bowels, one was drowned, and one man lost a finger by accidental discharge of fire-arms. We had one week of steady rain, and then removed to camp at Fredericksburg, on the Bowling Green road, where we remained two weeks. At this place Colonel Hoffman became so ill that he had to be sent to the general hospital at Washington. From thence we marched to Culpepper under Lieutenant-Colonel Crane, where we remained four days, thence to Cedar Mountain. At this camp Dr. Madill received his promotion to Surgeon of the Twenty-third New York State Volunteers.

The army commenced a retreat from this point. At the commencement the health of the regiment was good, and continued so until we reached the Rappahannock Ford. Here we remained two days, during which we were engaged in skirmishing, losing one man killed and four wounded. We were here ordered to send to the general hospital all who were unfit for duty. About thirty men were sent in compliance with this order, most suffering from foot-galls and diarrhea. Thence marched to Warrenton, where we remained over night, and sent off five more with sore feet to general hospital; thence to the battle of Sulphur Springs, where the regiment was engaged, but escaped without injury; thence to Gainesville. Our brigade went into battle, but the regiment was not directly

engaged. Here it became necessary to retreat to Manassas Junction, and here we sent off about ten men disabled by sore feet and diarrhea. After a rest of four hours we went to the field of Bull Run, where we arrived at four P.M.—the battle already raging, and our brigade acting as reserve; and about ten P.M. we removed to the front during pitch darkness, and were actively engaged, skirmishing all night—but none of this regiment were injured; many were taken prisoners. The next day (Saturday) about three P.M. the brigade entered the field and opened the fight, and were engaged two hours.

Our hospital was at the old stone house, where all the surgeons were busy until the order came to retreat. The wounded who were in a condition were placed hastily in ambulances and removed, while a number of the surgeons remained to care for those unable to be moved. Our retreat continued to Centreville. On this road every house, shed, and stable was converted into a temporary hospital, and still the streets were filled with wounded, as they continued to pour in during the whole night. The wells were soon exhausted, and the cries of the wounded for water to allay their thirst were dreadful to hear.

The next day we started for Chantilly, where we arrived at dark, and the enemy were soon on our heels and engaged us at this place; but again our regiment escaped uninjured, although actively participating. Marched to Upton Hill, where we remained three days near our old camp-ground. Eighteen more sick were sent from this place, mostly afflicted with sore feet, diarrhea, and miasmatic fevers. Then we proceeded through Washington City to Frederick City, Md., Middletown to South Mountain, occupying about

five days. On our passage through Frederick we left about ten men disabled. During this march the men were very illy provided with shoes, causing violent and painful galls on their feet, and the long marches and exposure caused diarrhea of a stubborn nature to be added to their sufferings.

On arriving at South Mountain, we marched directly to the battle-field, and engaged the enemy after dark for three hours, during which time our loss was very small. At the stone church a hospital was stationed. The regiment moved by way of Boonsborough to Antietam, where we arrived about daylight of the morning of the battle, entered the field immediately, and were engaged all day and until after dark. Our hospital was stationed at the block school-house in the rear of Sharpsburg, where Surgeon Madill remained to care for the wounded. About thirty of the regiment suffered in this fight.

The enemy retreated, and our men, being too exhausted to follow, went into camp near Sharpsburg. The field was the site of an old rebel camp, as all the fields in the vicinity had been used by the enemy. We had not remained long before the whole brigade was visited by deserters from the enemy in the shape of vermin. It was only after days of care that they could be got rid of. The graves on the field of Antietam soon became washed by heavy rains, exposing the bodies there buried; and the stench from this field seriously interfered with our comfort. Before long, the decomposition so poisoned the air, that the whole regiment began to suffer in the shape of diarrhea, which we were unable to check while at this camp, and eleven were sent to general hospital previous to moving. T. H. Stillwell, M.D., of New York city,

1st Assistant-Surgeon, here joined the regiment. From Sharpsburg we removed to Bakerville, where we remained a few days, and the diarrhea was soon checked. The health of the men improved. With the exception of two cases of fever and slight diarrhea, the regiment continued in good condition through a term of two months, during which we changed camp about every week.

At Purcellsville, Dr. William Taylor, of Madison County, N. Y., joined the regiment as 2d Assistant-Surgeon.

While at Fayetteville, a man shot himself in the arm by accident, causing only a flesh wound. At this camp we remained six days; men were furnished with fresh meat, which caused a general diarrhea of a slight character, and which was easily checked.

Dec. 10th. The whole army was massed, preparatory to crossing the river to Fredericksburg. We were surprised to notice that many who had for a long time been on the sick list reported for duty, anxious to enter this battle. We were in the left grand division, and our brigade was drawn up in line of battle three whole days, sleeping on their arms at night, engaging at intervals as skirmishers. We lost two killed and sixteen wounded. Both of the killed and most of the wounded received their injuries by solid shot and shell. All of them were flesh wounds, but of a very severe character. Daniel Beckwith, of Company K, the second day of the engagement, was wounded by a solid shot striking him about four inches below the knee-joint, mangling the flesh and shattering both bones, and also the knee-joint, making it necessary to amputate at the lower third of the thigh. We deem it due him to mention the superior courage evinced by this young

man. While lying awaiting his turn for the attention of the surgeons, surrounded by men with wounds of a less severe nature who were groaning, he spoke encouragingly to them, and seemed more as a mourner and consoler than a sufferer.

Doctors Madill and Taylor cared for the wounded of the regiment at this battle, Dr. T. H. Stillwell having been detailed as Acting Surgeon of the Thirty-fifth N. Y. Vols.

We joined in the retreat, and continued until we reached the bank of the Potomac River, where we encamped in winter quarters near Belle Plain, Va. Here we remained until April 29th. During this winter, notwithstanding the severe guard duties required, the health of the regiment was in a remarkably good condition. Lost two men by disease—one consumption, the other by chronic diarrhea.

April 29th. On the opening of the spring campaign we removed camp, our regiment assigned to garrison forts Nos. 1, 2, and 3, of the defenses of Aquia, where we remained without accident or disease until, our term of service expiring, we returned to our homes.

A few days before the publication of this work, I was requested to furnish a brief record of our MEDICAL DEPARTMENT. After hastily collecting such documents and statements as would assist me, I have presented them to the reader as a simple, unembellished account, prepared in great haste, and from incomplete

data. I feel, therefore, that these papers are entitled to that lenient reception that the circumstances of the case demand.

THOMAS H. STILLWELL, M.D.

ERRATA.

In consequence of the absence of the gentleman who prepared the copy for this book, a few trifling errors have crept in. They are, however, of such a nature that the reader will have no difficulty in correcting them. Chapters X. and XI. should be transposed. In first line on page 82, the word "charges" should be "changes." In page 83, third line from bottom, the word "center" should be omitted.

F. 8349.5492

5748



